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DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

FROM A SKETCH BY SYDNEY HIGHAM

The 2nd Canadian Regiment, which arrived from South Africa by the *Hawarden Castle*, visited Windsor to be reviewed by the Queen. Arrived at the Grand Quadrangle of Windsor Castle, Colonel Otter, commanding the regiment, formed the men up in line awaiting the Queen. Her Majesty inspected the troops seated in a carriage. Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Alice of Albany were with the Queen. Her Majesty, who appeared to be in excellent health, was received with the customary Royal

salute, after which the Canadians marched past. Colonel Otter was presented to the Queen by Colonel Legge. Her Majesty then addressed the men in the following words:—"I am very glad to see you here to-day, and to express my warm thanks for the admirable services rendered in the war by the Canadian troops. I wish you all a safe and happy return to your homes." Colonel Otter, on behalf of his men, thanked Her Majesty. Loud cheers for the Queen brought the inspection to a close.

"THREE CHEERS FOR THE QUEEN": THE CANADIAN TROOPS FROM SOUTH AFRICA AT WINDSOR

Topics of the Week

So far as Mr. Kruger's visit to the Continent has revealed the existence of a strong current of sympathy with the Boers, it has told us nothing with which we were not previously acquainted. This sympathy is the product partly of ignorance, partly of Anglophobia, and partly of the intrigues of people who are neither ignorant nor Anglophobe, but who have some personal or party axes to grind. It is useless, however, to dwell on this fact. All the expositions of the British case that might be put forward would be powerless to convince the shouting admirers of Mr. Kruger that they are the victims of either their own ignorance or the impositions of their friends. Their sympathy would remain, and our duty is not to indulge in vain resentment, but to watch and measure it as the danger it undoubtedly is. There can be no question that if the mobs of Paris and Marseilles could have had their way last week they would have insisted on the French Government addressing to us a message similar to that of President McKinley to the Spanish Government in regard to Cuba two years ago. Now this is a very real danger, for it may not always happen that France is as strongly and as wisely governed as she is to-day. M. Cornély pointed out in the *Figaro* during Mr. Kruger's stay in Paris that the mob which acclaimed him was to all intents and purposes the same mob that drove Napoleon III. to his fatal war with Germany in 1869, and it follows that had the circumstances of last week been on all fours with that which preceded the Franco-Prussian conflict we should have been in presence of a very grave crisis. It is clear, then, that in the Anglophobia of France there is much danger for this country, and it must be the pivot of our foreign policy to provide against it. That this has already been recognised by Lord Salisbury is evident from the frequent references he has made of late to the possibility of popular frenzies overriding the calm dispositions of Governments, and more particularly from the far-seeing precautions he has taken by the cultivation of close relations with Germany. That the policy of Lord Salisbury is a wise one has been amply proved by the recent action of the German Emperor in regard to Mr. Kruger. With France an enduring understanding is an uncertain quantity. We might come to terms with a French Government, but it could offer us no guarantees of popular support. With Germany it is different. That there is an Anglophobe party in the country is, of course, undeniable, but it is well under the control of the common sense of the nation at large, and of a Government of practical men who know how to impose their will on the people. It is one of the strangest ironies of history that at the close of a century which has been radiant with dreams of democratic predominance, the peace-loving citizen of every country should be compelled to thank God that there are still Kings and even despots in the world.

The Meeting of Parliament The new Parliament met for the first time last Monday, but the only business it was able to transact on that day and the days immediately succeeding was mainly of a formal character. The debate on the Address, which began on Thursday and may continue for part or perhaps the whole of the coming week, presents more possibilities of interest. In some sections of the Opposition there is evidently a keen desire to get to close quarters with the Government, and the active men in these groups will certainly make a fight whatever the big-wigs of the Party may do. The great object of the latter is to maintain what they are pleased to call unity. They want to say nothing that will alienate the Imperialist Liberals and nothing that will annoy the Little Englanders. They will probably end by saying nothing at all that is not entirely platitudinous. The

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Government in the meantime has no other object in view than to get the debate on the Address ended as quickly as possible, so that it may make progress with the financial business for which Parliament was called together. A heavy additional sum is required for carrying on the war, and Parliament is not likely to give authority for raising this sum without considerable debate on the alleged miscalculations of the War Office. This debate, when it begins, is likely to be of much greater interest to the public than any Party recriminations about the origin of the war or the conduct of the General Election.

Street Ruffianism NOT only in London but at several great provincial cities law-abiding citizens are strenuously demanding better protection from lawlessness. So far "Hooliganism" shows no sign of submission; on the contrary, it has become more rampant and more brutal than ever. There are parts of the metropolis that are so terrorised as to almost acquiesce in the brutal tyranny. If any victim makes complaint to the police, much more if he gives evidence against any member of a gang, he risks both limb and life should he not quickly remove to some remote locality. Workmen could, it is true, combine for the extirpation of this organisation of brutality, and were it to occur in the United States Judge Lynch would not be long before appearing on the scene. But British workpeople, happily, are not accustomed to take the law into their hands; they place dependence on the magistrates and on the police, and when these "resources of civilisation" fail, terrorism has to be submitted to lest worse should come. No fault is to be found with the police; it would be impossible to praise too highly the splendid pluck frequently displayed by constables when fighting single-handed against gangs of young scoundrels. But the sentences passed by the Bench are often characterised much more by mercy than by justice. In one instance lately reported a Hooligan, after knocking about human beings like nine-pins, and kicking those who fell, drew a knife on a constable who interfered with his amusement and tried to stab him. Yet this murderous ruffian got off with two months' imprisonment.

Southern India LORD CURZON can claim credit for making personal acquaintance with a portion of Hindostan which few of his predecessors in the Viceroyalty took the trouble to visit. It would not have been surprising, therefore, had he found maladministration prevalent in some of the native States. But, judging from the successive eulogies he has delivered, quite the contrary appears to be the case in most, if not all instances. The rulers had, of course, the advantage of wise guidance from the British Residents, but even when so tutored a Maharajah or a Nawab can, if he pleases, play very fantastic tricks, especially in extravagant expenditure and over-taxation. Nothing of that sort appears to have come under Viceregal notice; even in little Cochin, supposed to be the most "benighted" State in the so-called "benighted Presidency," he found much to admire and very little to find fault with. It was, of course, to be assumed that Mysore would come out well; for many years that powerful State has been admirably governed, with the consequence that few parts of India have made such rapid progress in material prosperity. But a bad ruler, who set his face against civilisation and industrial development, would have assuredly left Mysore in a far less happy position than the late enlightened Maharajah did at his decease. Happily the same disposition on the part of the ruling classes generally to improve their administrative methods is in evidence throughout India, while so little is this the result of coercion that the feudatory Princes, both great and small, were never before so loyal to the British Raj.

The Reafforestation of Wales IT is a great pity that the scheme for reafforesting waste lands in the Principality should have got mixed up with such impracticable crudities as "land nationalisation." Most of the areas suitable for tree-planting happen to belong to the Crown, and that is, of course, amply sufficient to explain why Radical reformers clamour for confiscation. Apart from this excrescence the proposal has much to commend it. Not only would the barren areas be greatly beautified, but our timber resources might gradually become more equal to our requirements. At present we have to import to the value of eighteen millions sterling annually, and owing to the continuous drain on the world's supply, immense tracts in Canada and northern Europe which used to be covered with forests have been entirely cleared. It would not be good business, of course, to plant areas which would yield more profitable crops. But on steep hillsides, such as abound in Wales, tillage is out of the question, while the surface soil is usually too poor for sheep-farming. In some of the more rugged portions of northern Devon where these conditions prevail afforestation has been, we believe, attended by very good results. But the experimentalist need to be well endowed with capital, as some years must necessarily elapse before his outlay proves reproductive. It is something of a disgrace to British enterprise that even such common wood as serves for matches has to be imported to a considerable extent.

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

THE national temperature has fallen to nearer normal than it has reached for close on five years. The Jameson Raid, the message which the German Emperor telegraphed to President Kruger, the Venezuelan difficulty, the Spanish-American War, the Soudan Expedition and the Fashoda incident, the Boer war with its initial reverses, the volunteering and the victories, the crisis in China, and the General Election have kept the country in a condition of almost continuous feverishness. Once again men are complaining that there is no news in the papers, and it is in this attitude of mind that many have looked forward to the re-assembling of Parliament.

The December Session has brought almost every member of Parliament to town, for until they have taken the oath and the candidates are not entitled to vote. Few members care to miss the ordeal when the House is already constituted, whilst at the opening of Parliament they are sworn in batches, and even the most retiring politician need not dread that ceremony. Many of the newly elected members came to town a week in advance, with the idea of seeing where they could expect to find a seat, and the privileges their position gave them. The West End tradesmen watch these developing politicians with keen interest, for they will enlarge their establishments and increase their expenditure to meet the requirements of the important position they have attained.

The reception which was accorded to Mr. Kruger at Marseilles will cost the South of France more than the municipality of the town has reckoned, for many English men and women have decided to avoid the Riviera next year. Nice and Cannes have been greatly developed by English gold, and Marseilles owes much to the same metal. It is obvious that many English men and women will object to spend money amongst those who, rightly or wrongly, accord an enthusiastic welcome to one who is the enemy of their country. It would have been more politic had the people of Marseilles discouraged the landing of Mr. Kruger at the port, and encouraged his proceeding direct to Holland.

Those officials who have the best information are convinced that the guerilla warfare will not be extinguished for another six months, but, of course, such an opinion cannot be relied upon, for events may happen in South Africa at any time which will upset the calculation. It is thought, however, that most of the men whose names have become prominent during the war will be in England in July, and it is proposed to hold a great fête in London that month, for the benefit of some military charity, at which the celebrities of the campaign will be present. Many a bread-winner has been killed or disabled in the war, and though the families of these men have had some provision made for them either by the authorities or through the donations of the public, they are not enjoying the same prosperity that they were. The country cannot let them suffer where their sufferings can be mitigated, and a fête to procure funds for their relief will certainly meet with general support.

The Paris Exhibition has closed its doors, but the honours which are to be conferred in connection with this undertaking have not been announced by our Government, though nearly every other has recognised the successful assistance rendered by its respective representatives. The impression is that these rewards will be published in the New Year's Honours List, but that should be overwhelmingly large without adding unnecessarily to it. There will be several election distinctions to be announced, and there should be a large number of rewards in connection with the war in South Africa and some earned in China. Why is it that our Government always delays the distribution of such distinctions until the public mind has almost forgotten the services which those who receive them have rendered?

The nineteenth will be known in history as the scientific century. Those that are to follow may produce more wonderful developments, but it was in the nineteenth century that science shook itself free of superstition, prejudice and false principles, and established itself as a power. Several scientific men are anxious that the twentieth century should open with a great Scientific Exhibition, to be held in London, not only to show how much has been done for us in the direction during the last hundred years, but to provide a centre for those who live a hundred years hence, so that as the centuries follow each other it may become a habit for men to compare what progress they make in scientific development. If the proposal is to be given effect to, the world of science should take the matter energetically, for there are but a few months between this and the commencement of the season, when alone an exhibition could be held with any chance of success.

If the Tsar continues to go on as well as at present he will soon be pronounced convalescent and the daily bulletins discontinued. Appetite and strength are returning and the pulse is much improved, although, for the present, his diet is limited to milk and beef tea. The Tsaritsa rarely leaves her husband's side, but no one else is

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allowed in the sick-room beyond the physicians and a nurse. In spite of the strain and anxiety, the Tsaritsa bears up wonderfully well, and, besides nursing her husband, attends to various urgent affairs of State—every communication to the Tsar passing through her hands. The Lowager-Empress and her young daughter, the Grand Duchess Olga, have come home from Denmark, but they will not see the Tsar until he is stronger.

The course of true love is running anything but smooth in the Spanish Royal Family, for the proposed marriage of the Princess of the Asturias, eldest sister of the young King, with Don Carlos, son of the Count of Caserta, meets with warm opposition. Parliament and the nation are dead against the match, and the question of the poor Princess's happiness is made quite secondary to political considerations. Whilst Alphonso XIII. remains unmarried—and the young King is only fourteen as yet—the Princess of the Asturias is heiress to the throne, so that her marriage is a matter of State, not merely a private and personal affair. The proposed bridegroom is objected to first because he is not considered of sufficiently exalted rank for a Princess of the Asturias, and secondly, because Spain fears getting into trouble with Italy by an alliance with the House of the Bourbon pretenders.

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TO VISITORS TO LONDON.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO-DAY? SEE PAGE 6 OF "THE DAILY GRAPHIC." ARE YOU GOING TO A PICTURE GALLERY? SEE PAGE 6 OF "THE DAILY GRAPHIC." ARE YOU GOING TO A THEATRE? SEE PAGE 6 OF "THE DAILY GRAPHIC." ARE YOU GOING TO A MUSIC HALL? SEE PAGE 6 OF "THE DAILY GRAPHIC." ARE YOU GOING TO AN EXHIBITION? SEE PAGE 6 OF "THE DAILY GRAPHIC." ARE YOU GOING TO A CONCERT? SEE PAGE 6 OF "THE DAILY GRAPHIC."

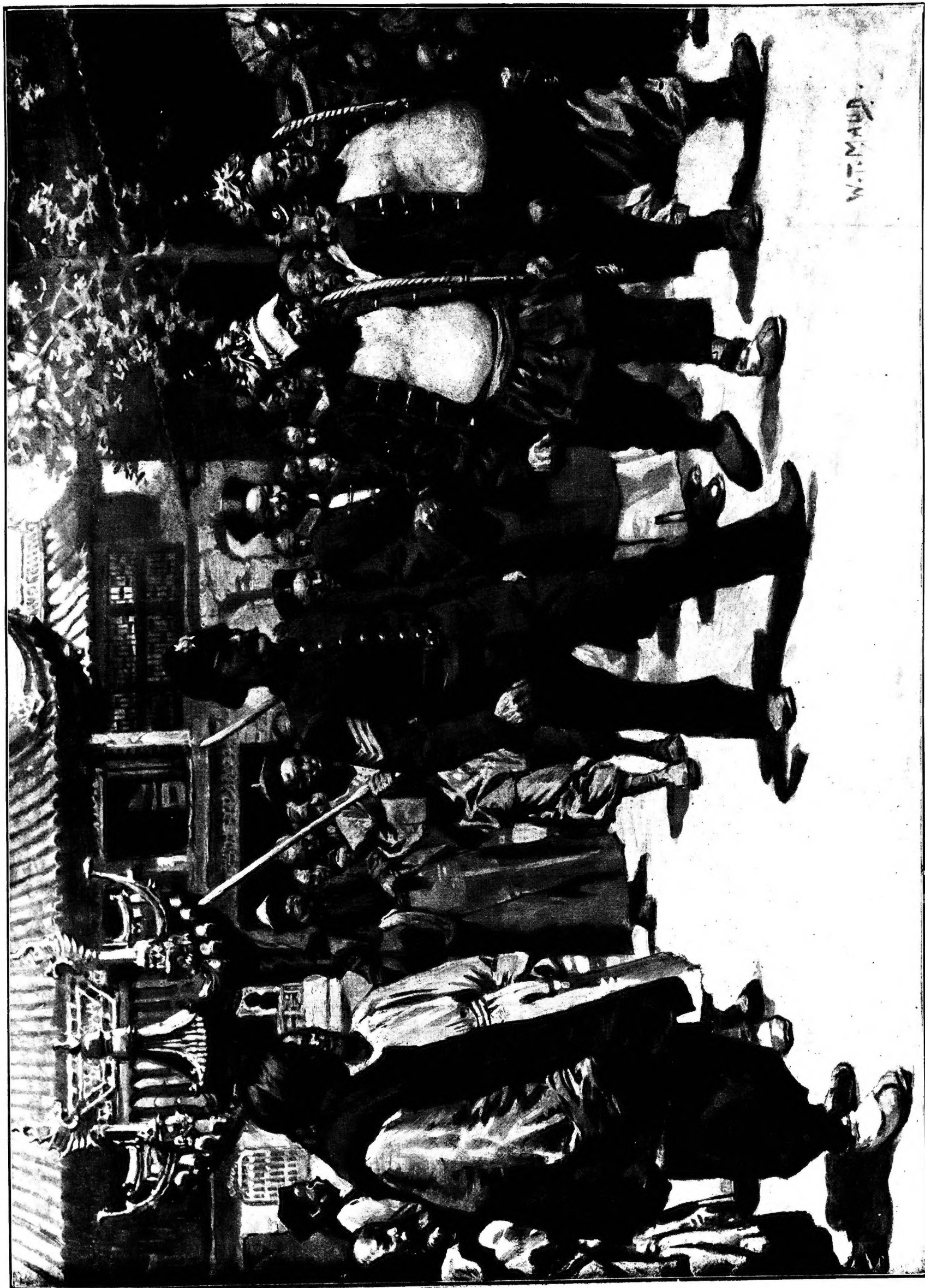
THE RIVIERA SEASON.—A series of tours to the South of France and Italy, at exceptionally low fares, has been arranged for the present season by the L.B. & S.C. Railway, via the Newhaven and Dieppe routes. The tours cover the entire French and Italian Riviera and the Italian cities as far as Naples. By a ticket costing 10s. first class, and 7s. 7s. second class, it is now possible to visit the whole Riviera coast between Cete and Genoa, including Marseilles, Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo, San Remo &c. The return journey is made from Genoa but a supplementary ticket at a small cost permits an extension of the tour to Rome, Florence, or Venice. The journey can be broken at Paris in both directions, thus saving the fatigue of the long through journey between London and the Mediterranean.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

GERMAN TROOPS RETURNING TO CAMP AFTER A FIGHT WITH THE BOXERS NEAR TIENTSIN
THE CRISIS IN CHINA: CAPTURED BOXER FLAGS



DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD

The most prominent figures in this procession are the excise officer and his deputy, both of whom are late-vested and wear a distinctive garb. The explanation of the presence of an English policeman is that the procession is passing the British Settlement, in which the Chinese have no jurisdiction, the laws being administered entirely by the British

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

RIVAL REPRESENTATIVES OF LAW AND ORDER AT SHANGHAI: A NATIVE PROCESSION IN THE BRITISH SETTLEMENT

The Court

THE Army continues to carry off the chief honours at Court just now, for both the Queen and the Prince of Wales have been welcoming home the troops from the war. Especially personal was Her Majesty's greeting to the squadron of the 1st Life Guards coming back to Windsor, for the Household troops are, of course, more closely connected with the Queen than other regiments. Accordingly Her Majesty gave the men quite a private welcome, receiving them in the Castle grounds with no other spectators than members of the Royal Family and Household. The miserably wet morning did not prevent the Queen from appearing in her favourite open carriage at the corner of Kennel Walk, where Her Majesty was surrounded by Princess Beatrice and her children, the Duchess of York, Princess Alice of Albany, the Duchess of Teck and Prince Francis. The Duchesses of York and Teck, with Prince Francis, had previously met the soldiers at the station as the Duke of Teck returned home with his troop. The men came up to the Royal party, under the command of Colonel Miles, and after marching past the Royal carriage in fours, formed into line for the Queen to address them. Her Majesty told the regiment how pleased and thankful she felt to welcome them home after their "gallant and arduous services," deploring, at the same time, the loss of many a

Queen with the appearance of the Canadians—whom a year's active service has turned from ordinary Volunteers to the smartest of soldiers—that Her Majesty drove to St. George's Gate to see them march past again, as they went off to the East Terrace to enjoy a tour of the State apartments and a capital dinner in the Riding School. The officers lunched with the Royal Household.

The Prince and Princess of Wales took their part in the Royal welcome to the returning troops on Monday, when they came up to town with Princess Victoria on purpose for an inspection at Albany Street Barracks. Accompanied by the Duke of Cambridge, the Prince inspected the composite regiment of Household Cavalry and the Canadian contingent, and a goodly show they made drawn up in the barrack square. The inspection followed the usual routine, and a few words from the Prince expressed his joy at seeing the men home and meeting the Colonials. Before coming to town the Prince and Princess had been entertaining numerous friends at Sandringham—the Portuguese Minister, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Chamberlain being among the chief guests. Prince Francis of Teck spent Saturday to Monday at Sandringham, arriving in time for the birthday festivities in honour of the Princess of Wales. Owing to the family mourning the celebration was rather curtailed, but there was a family dinner party in the evening, and a tea in the ballroom for the children of the neighbourhood. During the meal the Prince and Princess, with the house-party, came in to see how the young ones were enjoying themselves. On Sunday the Prince and Princess and family attended service at St. Mary Magdalene's, where the Rev. Edgar Sheppard, Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, preached.

deserving of the rank and file, this desire is constantly thwarted by the impetuosity of the most eligible. Consequently, the recommendation is not made, and our would-be Army reformer howl vehemently because the War Office is so chary of commissions to deserving soldiers. Sometimes the selected non-commissioned officer cannot bring himself to refuse the long-coveted promotion, he hopes that in some way or other he will be able to balance income with expenditure. Perhaps the other officers give him kindly help in that endeavour by allowing him to remain out of mess. But that method of solving the problem sensibly places him apart from his new comrades, while, if he remains in the sergeants' mess is no longer open to him, he has to entertain his meals by himself in his own quarters or at some restaurant. Or it may be that finding life, on these terms, is unendurable, he obtains casual assistance from relations and friends. That results, too, when the unfortunate runs into debt with his creditors for goods absolutely essential to maintain the position he has come to occupy. These creditors swell the chorus against the promotion. As a mean and miserly paymaster of its most faithful and devoted servants. And so recruiting suffers, the assumption among workmen being that an employer capable of such illiberality towards men of long proved merit would be sure to behave even worse towards new hands.

It has been proposed that the promoted "ranker" should receive a higher rate of pay than that accorded to officers of his own rank, below a certain rank. But it would be a preferable measure to assign a small annual allowance of fixed amount for service to the ranker, the amount being sufficient, but not



OUR COLONIAL VISITORS: OFFICERS OF THE CANADIAN CONTINGENT FROM SOUTH AFRICA AT WINDSOR

Our Photograph is by Russell and Sons, Windsor

valuable life. The officers were then presented to the Royal party, and the troops gave three hearty cheers for the Queen, waving their helmets on the muzzles of their carbines, before they marched off to the cavalry barracks. The men looked very well, but their thin khaki uniforms were a trifle chilly for the wet day. Starting for Africa with a total of thirty officers and 571 non-commissioned officers and men, the regiment has lost nine officers and eighty-seven men. Later on, as the Queen was driving through Windsor, Her Majesty saw the detachment on the march by the Post Office.

No less interesting was the reception to the Canadians, who saw Windsor under the most favourable circumstances of bright sunshine. They, too, were inspected in the Castle Quadrangle, forming up opposite the Victoria Tower. Like their British comrades they were in khaki, and mustered a total of 250 men and fifteen officers, besides twenty London Volunteers who are acting as guides during the Canadians' stay in London. The Grenadiers' band headed the column. No sooner were the troops in position than the Royal carriage came into the Quadrangle, the Queen being accompanied by Princess Beatrice with her children and Princess Alice of Albany. Colonel Otter was in command of the Canadians, and when Colonel Legge had presented Colonels Otter and Mackinnon the troops defiled past in quick step and then came back in review order, forming up to hear the Queen's speech. Her Majesty was very brief, thanking her loyal Canadians and wishing them a safe and happy return home. The usual three cheers followed, and after receiving the officers Her Majesty gave a special greeting to Corporal Armstrong, of New Brunswick, who lost a foot in the war. The Queen wanted him to sit down whilst talking to her, but he preferred to stand, with the aid of his crutches. So pleased was the

"Rankers and Pay"

WHEN lately distributing commissions in the Regulars among non-commissioned officers of exceptional merit, Lord Roberts must have been constantly brought face to face with an obstacle which he will not forget when laying his hand to Army re-organisation. According to the theory of the matter, this high honour should fall to those who best deserve it, as in the case of the Victoria Cross. Its bestowal is supposed to be the first step towards the attainment of that marshal's baton which every British soldier is assumed to have within reach if favoured by good fortune. As a fact, only the very few can afford to accept a commission; to the large majority it would assuredly prove a most voracious white elephant. The pay of a second lieutenant is but about 95*l.* per annum, and nothing could be easier than to demonstrate arithmetically the utter impossibility of an officer living on that wretched pittance. The theme has, however, been too frequently laboured to necessitate repetition of the details; it suffices to state that the compulsory mess charges alone absorb the entire income, even in economical battalions. It follows, therefore, that unless a non-commissioned officer has private means—a very rare occurrence—or can make sure of some regimental appointment carrying additional remuneration, the acceptance of a commission would be almost sure to conduct to insolvency and enforced resignation. This being the case, it frequently happens that the offer has to be reluctantly rejected, and Lord Roberts, no doubt, found his choice of candidates circumscribed in that manner.

The evils of thus making promotion from the ranks depend upon monetary considerations are manifold. While the commanding officer himself would necessarily wish the prize to fall to the most

enable him to live within his means, provided he exercised economy in all things. If that were done, many of those who refuse commissions would gladly accept the proffered promotion, and there would no longer be any obstacle to the promotion of meritorious. Neither would there be lacking precedent for innovation on established usage; when the Victoria Cross is bestowed on a non-commissioned officer or private it carries with it a small pension. But the question of the best remedy to be applied to this notorious evil may be safely left to the judgment of Lord Roberts. No one knows better than he how desirable it is to have a real "equality of opportunity," as regards the attainment of commissioned rank, should be secured for every man who joins the Army, wholly irrespective of his monetary circumstances. It is a scandal that some of the best should be shut out from the ranks solely through lack of private means.

A MONSTER testimonial to the Queen from the boys and girls of Canada is shortly coming over. The youngsters got up a Sixpence Soldiers' Fund through the *Star* newspaper, and are sending 3*l.* for the sufferers in the war, with a huge album for the Queen containing the photographs and names of the juvenile subscribers, over 100,000 in number.

ROYALTY does its best to encourage the breeding of first-class cattle in England, the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York being most successful owners of fine animals, and carrying off many prizes. But the Queen's success at the Birmingham Stock Show is unparalleled, for Her Majesty has won every sheep champion cup. The Royal farms at Windsor are beautifully kept up, and the Shaw Farm claims the honour of raising the Shorthorn heifer, Cicely, which is considered the gem of the Show.

Mr. W. T. Maud's Lecture on the Siege of Ladysmith

MR. W. T. MAUD, the Special Artist of *The Graphic* and *Daily Graphic*, delivered, for the first time in London, at the Queen's Hall on Thursday afternoon, a lecture entitled "Four Months in Be-leaguered Ladysmith." The lecture was given in aid of the funds of the Central London Throat and Ear Hospital, an institution which is under Royal and distinguished patronage, and the committee were fortunate enough to obtain from Sir Redvers Buller a promise that he would preside at the entertainment. The hall was completely filled by an audience eager to hear under such auspices what Mr. Maud had to tell them about his experiences in Ladysmith during the four months that he shared the hardships of the famous siege; and they also hoped to hear from Sir Redvers Buller personally something as to the relief operations which eventually freed Ladysmith and all Natal from the invaders. Sir Redvers Buller himself introduced Mr. Maud as a much-travelled man who had seen fighting in India, in Greece, and on the Nile before he went to South Africa for the recent campaign.

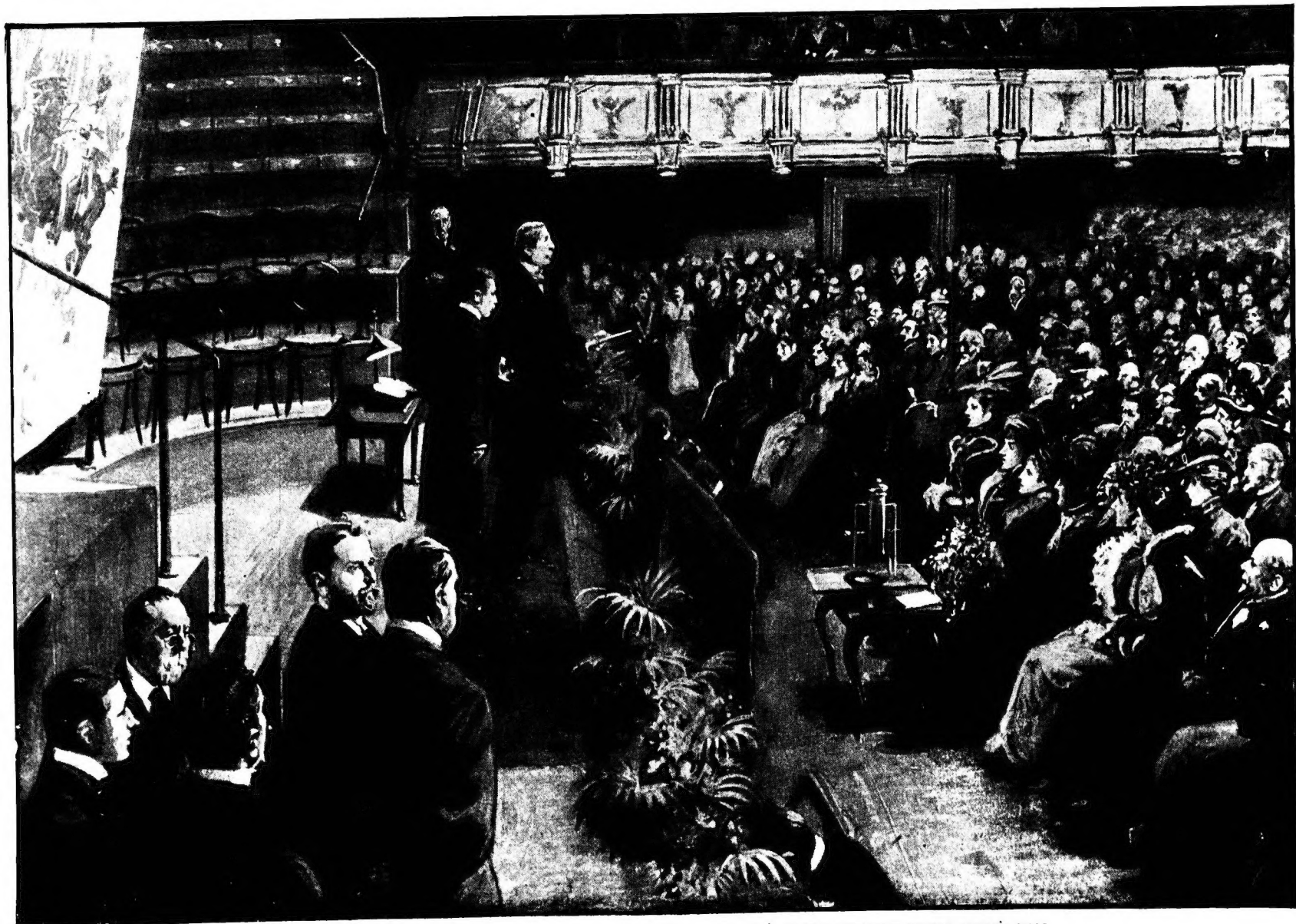
Mr. Maud's lecture was followed with great interest by the audience, and it was illustrated throughout by a number of his own war sketches, which were thrown on a large screen, and which brought home to the audience many of the most exciting incidents of the Natal campaign. Mr. Maud gave a brief summary of the preliminary fighting in Natal before the investment of Ladysmith, in the striking pictures of the death of Sir William Penn Symons, the battle of Talana Hill, and a fine panoramic view of the desperate struggle for the heights of



SIR REDVERS BULLER GIVING HIS AUTOGRAPH TO LADIES
ENHANCING THE VALUE OF PROGRAMMES
DRAWN BY A. S. LOYD

Elands Laagte. Then were shown and described the actions at Rietfontein, which, the lecturer pointed out, was an action fought for the special purpose of covering General Yule's retreat from Dundee upon Ladysmith, and the battle of Lombard's Kop, fought on that "mournful Monday," when the capture of the battalions on the British left neutralised the success, or what might have been a success, on the right. From that time Ladysmith was isolated and surrounded. The siege itself, its gallant sorties, the establishment of the Intombi Hospital (for which Mr. Maud gave a hearty meed of thanks to the humanity of General Joubert), the privations of the garrison and inhabitants increasing daily until relief became a matter of life and death—all these were described in turn. The great Boer attack on January 6, and its defeat by the gallantry of the Imperial Light Horse, the Devons, the Manchesters, the Gordons, and the other troops engaged, was illustrated by some admirable pictures of the scene of the great fight at Waggon Hill. Mr. Maud dwelt upon the gallant stand made during the siege by the British Naval batteries against thirty-two guns of the Boers, and he specially mentioned the bravery with which an obsolete howitzer was brought to bear upon the Boer lines. He spoke also of the shortcomings of the defenders in the matters of equipment, such as the inconvenient ammunition pouches, and he expressed a decided opinion as to the superiority of the Mauser rifle in rapidity of fire over the Lee-Metford.

After the lecture Sir Redvers Buller dwelt on the endurance and gallantry of the garrison, and on the splendid fighting quality of the men whom he led to the relief of the town; and he expressed a hope that Mr. Maud's lecture would be heard elsewhere in England, as it was a worthy record of the deeds of the Army. A sum of no less than 1,000*l.* was realised by the lecture on behalf of the hospital.



SIR REDVERS BULLER INTRODUCING MR. W. T. MAUD, OF "THE GRAPHIC," TO THE AUDIENCE AT THE QUEEN'S HALL
A LECTURE IN AID OF THE CENTRAL LONDON THROAT AND EAR HOSPITAL
DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET



FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRED WHITING

DRAWN BY PERCY F S SPENCE

GERMAN AND JAPANESE TROOPS CAMPAIGNING TOGETHER: OFFICERS CONSULTING MAPS

THE ALLIES IN CHINA: THE ENTENTE CORDIALE IN PRACTICE



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY TROOPER GEORGE FOUGAR

An unfortunate accident happened on October 9 at Kaapmuiden owing to a train upsetting on the diversion over the Kaap River. Three men were killed, fifteen injured, and Lieutenant C. Hawkes had his leg broken, all belonging to the 66th Battery Royal Field Artillery. About forty animals were killed or badly injured. An engine with truck, conveying two Royal Engineer officers and Captain G. Paget, Rifle Brigade, and eighteen men of the Vlakfontein garrison, proceeded along the line to ascertain the nature of damage during the previous night. The Boers were lying in wait, and opened fire on the party.

On hearing of the attack Captain A. D. Stewart, Rifle Brigade, went with forty men in support. The casualties were very heavy; Captain Stewart and a private of the Rifle Brigade were killed, and the following were wounded:—Captain Paget, dangerously, and five men, attached to Royal Engineers; Lieutenant J. H. Stubbs, severely. Lieutenant Sewell, Royal Engineers, and ten men of Rifle Brigade, were taken prisoners.

THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT NEAR VLAKFONTEIN: BOERS IN AMBUSH ATTACKING THE RELIEF TRAIN



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LIEUTENANT TOPPIN

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LIEUTENANT TOPPIN. In the light of the moon they might have been taken at first sight for corpses

CAMPAIGNING IN SOUTH AFRICA: A NIGHT BIVOUAC

DRAWN BY F. DE HAESSEN

A Correspondent who accompanied General French in his march to Barberton, writing of bivouacking at night, says that there was something almost grim in the appearance of rows of men wrapped in blankets and great-coats lying out in the open.



THE EARL OF LATHOM
Mover



LORD MONK BRETTON
Seconder



THE HON. J. E. GORDON, M.P.
Mover



MR. J. FITZALAN HOPE
Seconder

IN THE LORDS
THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT: MOVERS AND SECONDEES OF THE ADDRESS
IN THE COMMONS

Opening of Parliament

By HENRY W. LUCY

THE gathering of Parliament on a Monday for the opening of a new Session is an unusual event. The day most commonly chosen is Thursday. The variation is justified in the case of a new Parliament by the opportunity of getting through ceremonial and formalities—clearing the decks for action. Practically the business of the new Parliament commenced on Thursday, when the Commons repaired to the House of Lords to hear the Queen's Speech read, and, returning to their own chamber, began the battle over the Address. The three earlier days were not without interest, though it was of a spectacular character. The House of Commons shakes itself down to work with carefully considered action, founded upon precedent going back to the Commonwealth.

To begin with, everything is, or seems to be, in a state of chaos. On Monday something over four hundred gentlemen streamed into the Lobby, and thence made their way into the House of Commons. Many were old, familiar faces, the owners knowing their way about. But a large proportion were new members, who, naturally making the most of their opportunities, put in an appearance at the earliest moment. Two o'clock was the hour named for the commencement of business. At that hour every bench was crowded, a circumstance that made more notable the presence of the empty chair. The Serjeant-at-Arms was in his seat by the Cross Benches. But there was no Mace on the table. In ordinary circumstances, that would imply that the House was in Committee. But there was no Chairman seated at the table, the three places being occupied by the wigged and gowned Clerks.

Presently entered Black Rod with summons for "this honourable House," to repair to the House of Lords. With the Session in full swing this is the signal for the Serjeant-at-Arms to shoulder the Mace, the Speaker to step down from his chair, and walk with stately tread down the House members upstanding. With no Speaker in existence, and with the Mace hidden away under the table, this

procedure was impossible. It was the opportunity of the Clerk at the Table, an opportunity that comes only once in the lifetime of a Parliament. Mr. Milman, leaving his seat at the table, walked down the House, joined Black Rod at the Bar, and led the way to the House of Lords, members following after. On their return, after hearing the Royal Commission read, they proceeded to follow the injunction to elect a Speaker. Whilst they were absent, Mr. Gully, strolling in in casual way, took his seat at the corner of the third Bench above the Gangway on the Opposition side, a reminder that whilst a Speaker has no politics, Mr. Gully, as a private member, belongs to the Liberal Party.

The Clerk of the House again assumed direction. It is not permitted to any member, in any circumstances, to speak in the House of Commons till he is called upon. This rule is so strictly observed that in ordinary debate, when a member springs up to interpose a correction or casual remark, even while he is talking, the Speaker pronounces his name, thus authorising him to do what he has already probably half accomplished. The Clerk of the House, not being a member, must not presume to let his voice be heard save when he is reciting the title of a Bill, or calling out the numbers from the ballot-box. Still something must be done, something in the form of a penny dropped in the slot, in order to make the machine work.

Centuries ago the wisdom of our forefathers devised a quaint means of meeting the difficulty. The business of the moment being the proposing and seconding of the election of the Speaker, someone must get up to submit a proposal. He can't rise without being called upon. The Clerk of the House may not open his lips. But the British Constitution will not be undermined if he points his finger at the member to whom has been committed the honourable task of proposing the new Speaker. That's how it was done. Mr. Milman pointed the forefinger of his right hand at Sir James Fergusson, and Sir James Fergusson, rising, proposed that, "the Right Honourable William Court Gully do take the Chair of this House as Speaker." Dr. Farquharson, signalled in the same fashion, seconded the motion. Finally Mr. Gully, discovering the forefinger turned in his direction rose, and in phrases used since the time Sir Thomas More was Speaker, humbly submitted himself to the pleasure of the House. The election was, of course, unanimous, and amid general cheering the Speaker-Elect was conducted to the Chair.

Even then, even after the Leader of the House and the Leader of the Opposition had chorused congratulation, Mr. Gully was not yet Speaker. When, after standing on the upper step leading to the

Chair, and, having expressed his sincere thanks to the House, at his profound sense of the great honour conferred upon him, he sat in the Chair, the Serjeant-at-Arms advanced and placed the Mace on the table. But when, shortly after the House adjourned, Mr. Gully walked out he was unaccompanied by the Mace. As it is written in the Journals of the House, under date Monday, December 3, 1905:—"The House adjourned accordingly until tomorrow, and Mr. Speaker-Elect went away without the Mace before him." The House of Commons may elect a Speaker. But he is none till such time as the Sovereign has confirmed the choice. What would happen, supposing the Sovereign, imitating the Lord Chancellor in respect of the appointment of the Reading Clerk in the House of Lords, demurred to the choice made and insisted on putting in his own man. Who shall say? Fortunately the difficulty did not cloud these last days of a dying century. When, on Tuesday, the Speaker-Elect, repaired to the House of Lords humbly submitting himself for Her Majesty's gracious approval, the Lord Chancellor, speaking in the name of the Queen, did most readily approve and confirm the choice made by her faithful Commons. This done members were sworn in in batches, Tuesday and Wednesday being devoted to the useful purpose.

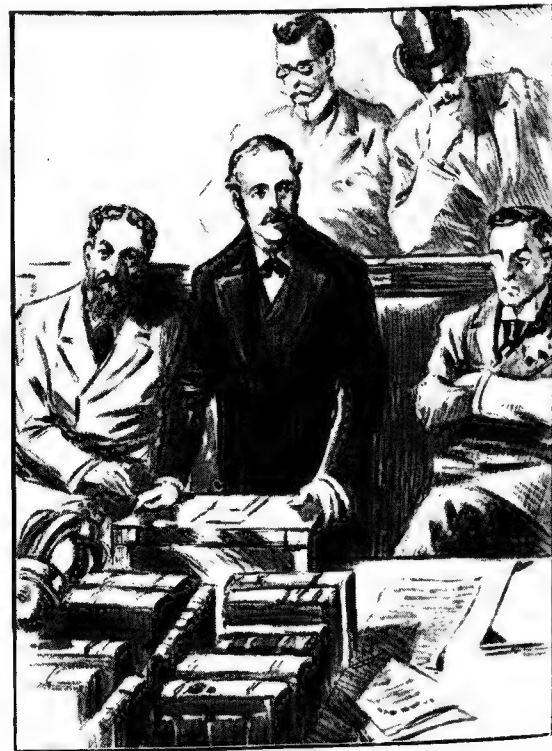
LORD LATHOM, who moved the Address in the House of Lords, is a son of the first Earl of Lathom and succeeded to the title in 1898. He was born in 1864. He is a captain in the Lancashire Hussars Yeomanry Cavalry and late major in the Royal Horse Guards. He contested the Southport division of Lancashire, 1898. Lord Monk Bretton, who seconded the Address in the House of Lords, is a son of the first Baron, and succeeded to the title in 1897. He was an *attaché* in the Diplomatic Service, 1894-7, and is a D.L., J.P., and C.C., Sussex. The Hon. J. E. Gordon, who moved the address in the Commons, is the eldest son of the late Lord Gordon of Drumeath, a life Peer. He has been a member of the Stock Exchange since 1876 and is head of the firm of Gordon, Lawford, and Co. He is member for Elgin and Nairn. Mr. James Fitzalan Hope, who seconded the Address in the Commons, is a son of the late Mr. J. R. Hope-Scott. He acted as private secretary to the Duke of Norfolk when Postmaster-General, and fills a similar post to Lord Londonderry. He is a J.P. for Sussex, and sits for the Brightside Division of Sheffield. Our portraits are by the following: The Earl of Lathom, Lord Monk Bretton, and Mr. J. Fitzalan Hope by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street; and the Hon. J. E. Gordon, by Dickinson, New Bond Street.



SIR JAMES FERGUSSON PROPOSING MR. GULLY



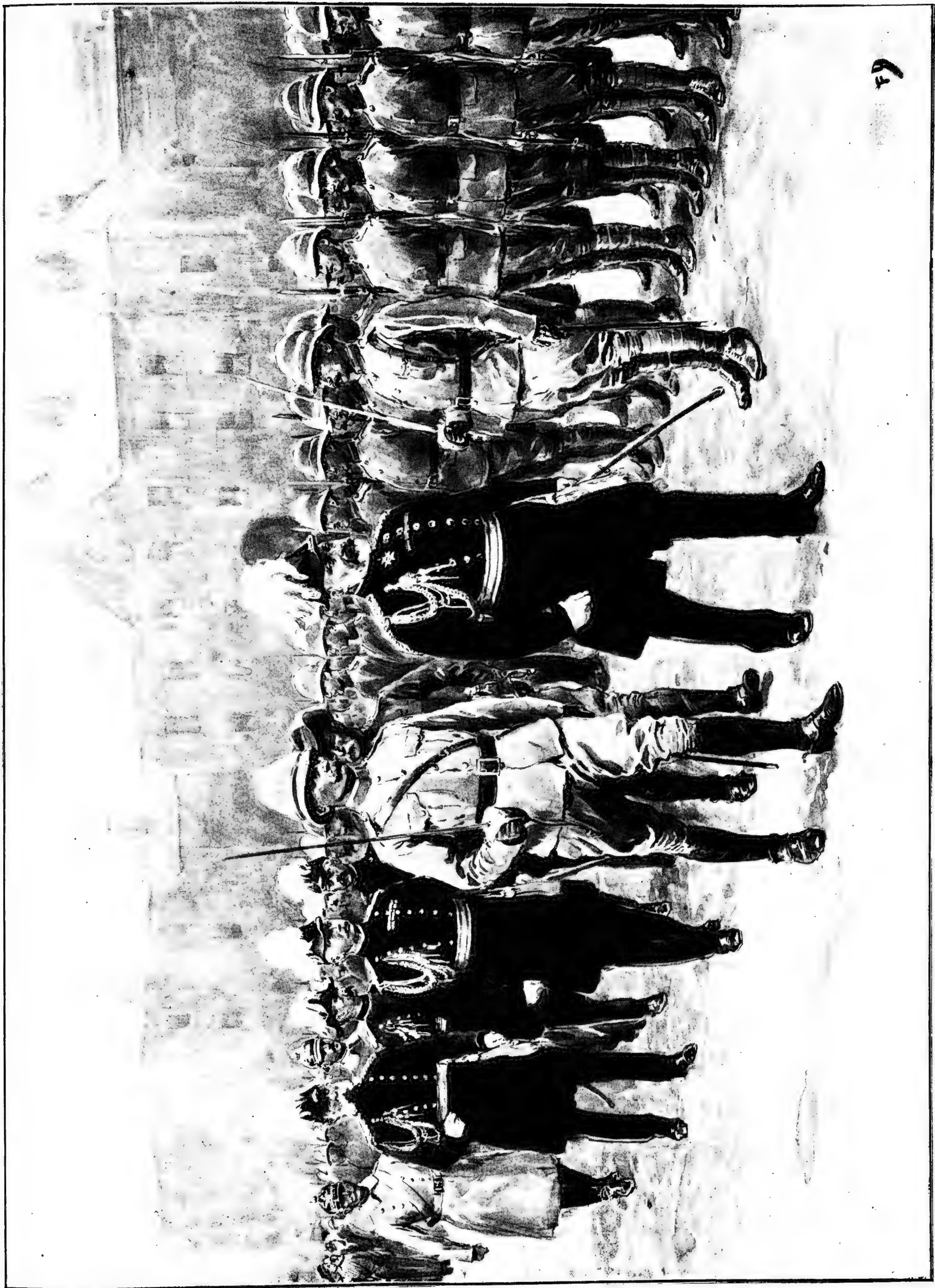
MR. GULLY THANKING THE HOUSE OF COMMONS FOR HIS ELECTION



MR. BALFOUR CONGRATULATING MR. GULLY

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT: THE ELECTION OF A SPEAKER

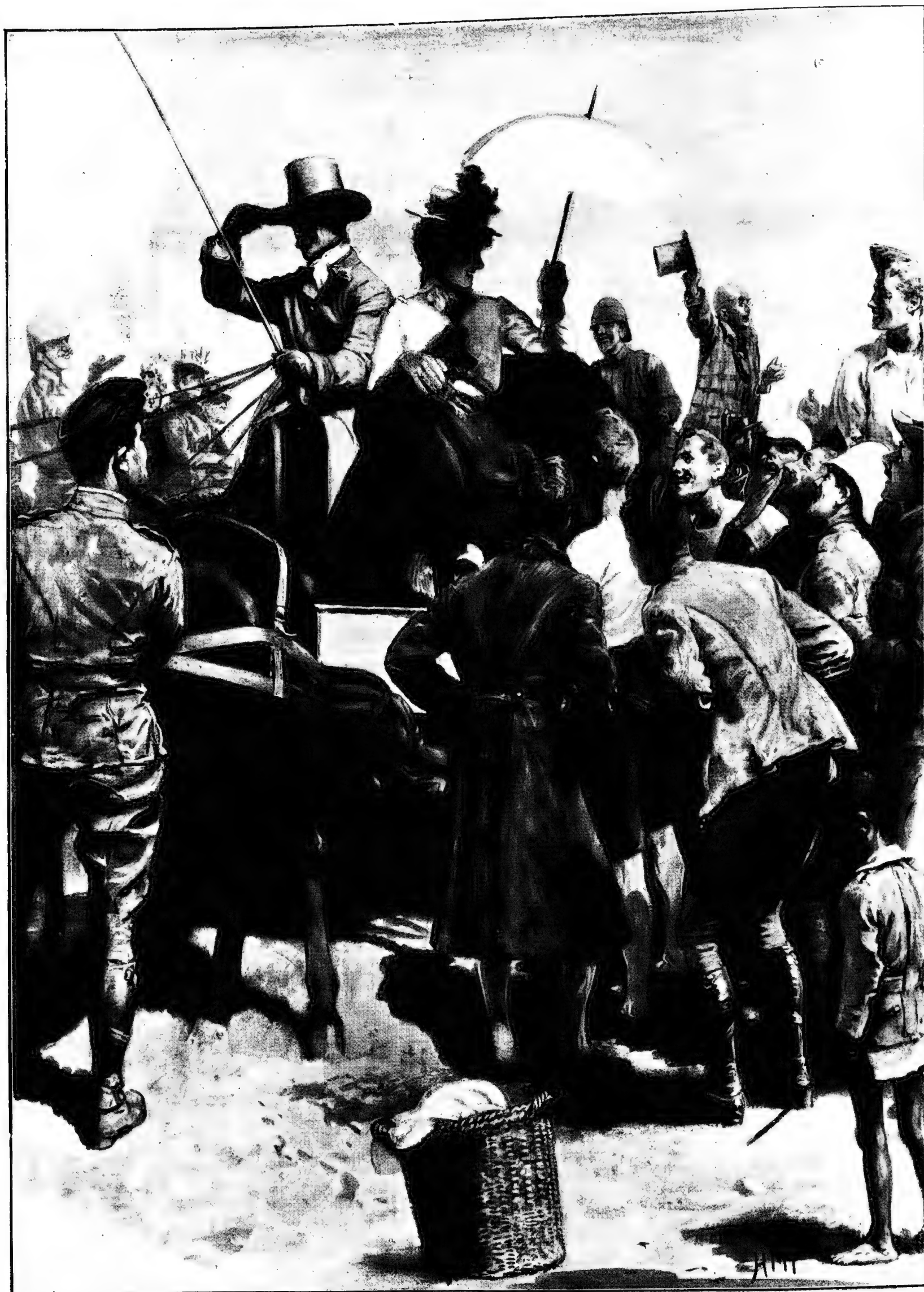
SKETCHED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS BY F. C. DICKINSON



The Prince of Wales, on Monday, inspected at the Albany Barracks, Regent's Park, the detachments of the 1st and 2nd Life Guards, Royal Horse Guards, and the 2nd Battalion Royal Canadian Regiment, who returned last week from service in South Africa. The contingent of the Composite Regiment was first inspected and then the Canadians, and the Prince briefly addressed each of the detachments after the inspection, thanking them for their services and congratulating them on their safe arrival in this country.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND OUR COLONIAL GUESTS: THE REVIEW OF THE CANADIANS AT ALBANY BARRACKS

DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

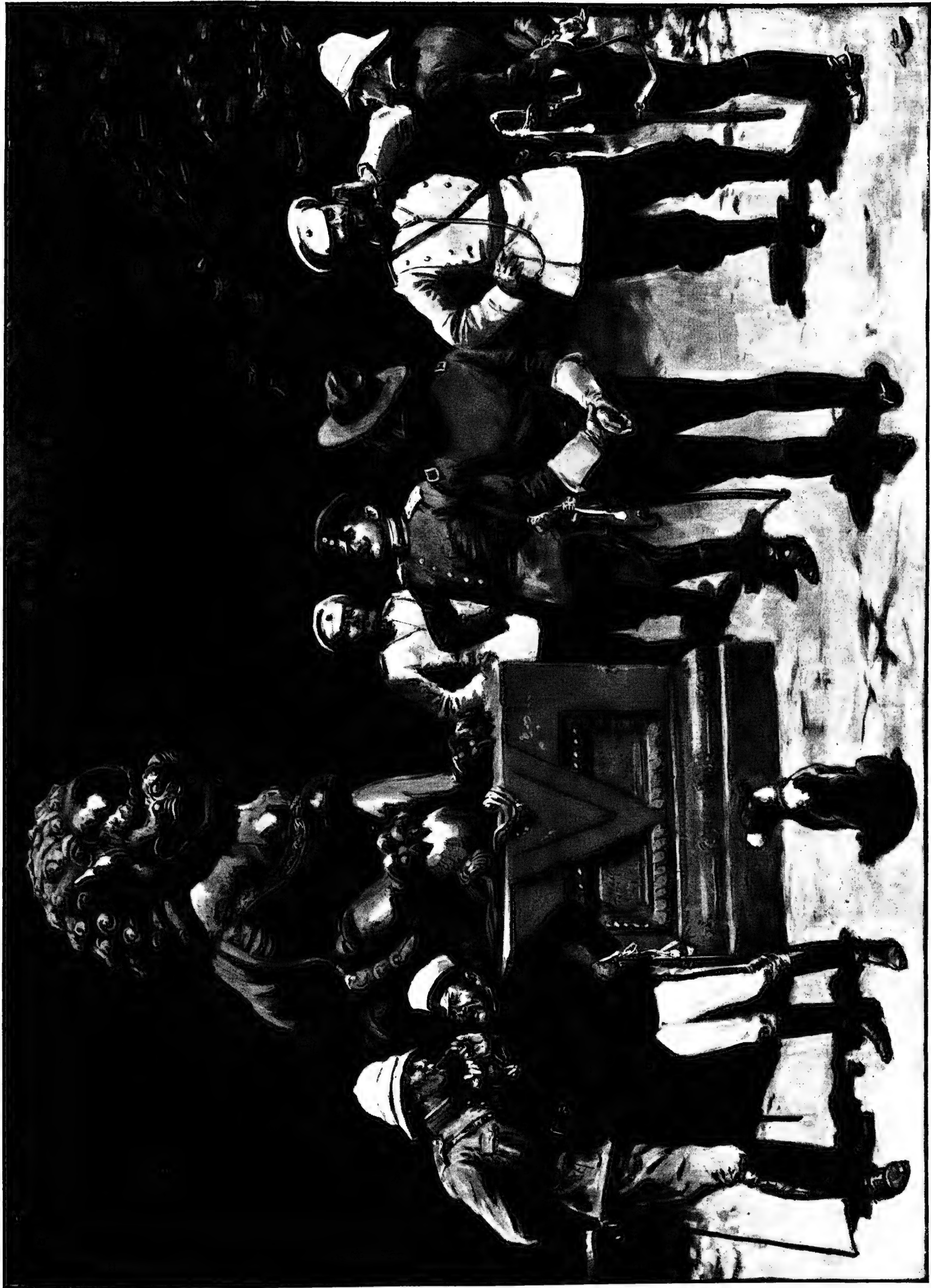


DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A BRITISH OFFICER

A Correspondent writes:—"Belfast is on the line from Komatipoort to Pretoria, being 200 miles from the latter place. Since our occupation of the district, the town has gradually assumed its normal aspect. The steeplechases were well attended. The 1st Gordon Highlanders were present with what they called their 'coach,' which rather resembled a commissariat waggon. The driver was fantastically got up, and by his side sat what we took at the distance to be a lady, but when the coach drew near the large hands and free and easy manner of the 'lady' betrayed her, or rather his sex."

SPORT WHILE CAMPAIGNING IN SOUTH AFRICA: OFF TO THE BELFAST STEEPLECHASES



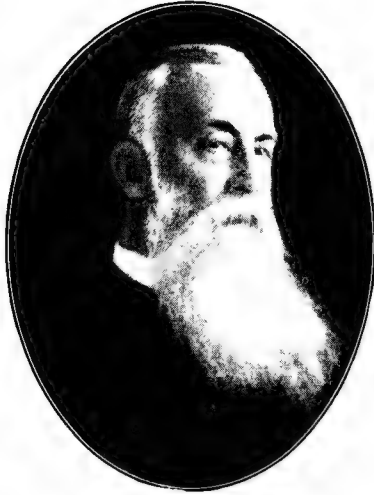
A Correspondent writes:—"Whatever may be the jealousies felt in Diplomatic quarters and fostered by the Press of rival Powers, the officers of the International troops are on the best of terms, fraternising together most amicably"

EAST AND WEST: A GROUP OF OFFICERS AT THE GATE OF THE FORBIDDEN CITY, PEKING

DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNE. I.L.



THE LATE COUNT YORK VON WARTENBURG
Died in China



THE LATE SIR FRANCIS BOILEAU
A distinguished Freemason



CANON H. E. RYLE, D.D.
New Bishop of Exeter



M. HOLGER DRACHMANN
Danish poet, now visiting this country



THE LATE LIEUTENANT A. M. SOUTHEY
Killed at Tiger's Kloof



THE LATE LIEUT. F. N. PARSONS, V.C.
Killed at Driefontein



PRIVATE J. H. RISDEE
Awarded the V.C.



LIEUTENANT G. G. E. WYLLY
Awarded the V.C.



THE LATE SECOND LIEUT. L. PAXTON
Killed at Thaba 'Nchu



THE LATE COLONEL G. E. LLOYD
Killed near Bronkhorst Spruit



THE LATE LIEUTENANT H. PIGOTT
Died of enteric at Standerton



THE LATE MR. A. C. W. JENNER
Murdered by rebels in East Africa



THE LATE GENERAL SIR G. H. WILLIS
Crimean Veteran

Our Portraits

PRIVATE JOHN HUTTON BISDEE belongs to the Tasmanian Imperial Bushmen, and is a son of the late Mr. J. Bisdee, of Hutton, Weston-super-Mare. The act for which the Victoria Cross is to be conferred upon him is officially described as follows:—"On September 1, 1900, Private Bisdee was one of an advanced scouting party passing through a rocky defile near Warm Bad, Transvaal. The enemy, who were in ambuscade, opened a sudden fire at close range, and six out of the party of eight were hit, including two officers. The horse of one of the wounded officers broke away and bolted. Private Bisdee gave the officer his stirrup leather to help him out of action, but finding that the officer was too badly wounded to go on, Private Bisdee dismounted, placed him on his horse, mounted behind him, and conveyed him out of range. This act was performed under a very hot fire, and in a very exposed place."

Lieutenant Guy G. E. Wylly, who has won the second Victoria Cross awarded to the Tasmanian Imperial Bushmen, is the only son of Major E. Wylly, late of the Leinster Regiment and the Indian Staff Corps. He joined the Tasmanian contingent with a view of qualifying for a commission in Her Majesty's Army, and has lately been gazetted to the Royal Berkshire Regiment. The act of gallantry for which the Victoria Cross is to be conferred upon him is officially described as follows:—"On September 1, 1900, near Warm Bad, Lieutenant Wylly was with the advanced scouts of a foraging party. They were passing through a narrow gorge, very rocky, and thickly wooded, when the enemy in force suddenly opened fire at short range from hidden cover, wounding six out of the party of eight, including Lieutenant Wylly. That officer, seeing that one of his men was badly wounded in the leg, and that his horse was shot, went back to the man's assistance, made him take his horse (Lieutenant Wylly's horse), and opened fire from behind a rock to cover the retreat of the others, at the imminent risk of being cut off himself. Colonel T. E. Hickman, D.S.O.,

considers that the gallant conduct of Lieutenant Wylly saved Corporal Brown from being killed or captured, and that his subsequent action in firing to cover the retreat was 'instrumental in saving others of his men from death or capture.'"

Lieutenant Francis Newton Parsons, of the Essex Regiment, was the third son of Dr. Parsons, of Dover. He was twenty-five years of age, and joined the Essex Regiment in March, 1898. He was killed a few weeks after the gallant action for which he was gazetted a recipient of the Victoria Cross. The action referred to is officially described as follows:—"On the morning of February, 18, 1900, at Paardeberg, on the south bank of the River Modder, Private Ferguson, 1st Battalion Essex Regiment, was wounded, and fell in a place devoid of cover. While trying to crawl under cover, he was again wounded, in the stomach. Lieutenant Parsons at once went to his assistance, dressed his wound under heavy fire, went down twice (still under heavy fire) to the bank of the river to get water for Private Ferguson, and subsequently carried him to a place of safety."

Second Lieutenant L. Paxton, 2nd Bedfordshire Regiment, was killed at Thaba 'Nchu on the 16th ult. He joined his regiment in January last, and was only nineteen years of age. He was the youngest son of Colonel Llewellyn Paxton.

Lieutenant Hugh P. Pigott, Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry, was the only son of Major J. C. M. Pigott (late Royal Berkshire Regiment). He enlisted in the regiment on March 7 of this year, receiving a commission a month later, and died of enteric at Standerton Hospital on November 11. He was only twenty-two years of age.

Mr. Holger Drachmann, the Danish poet and dramatist, was recently entertained at dinner by fifty English men of letters, including Sidney Colvin, Mr. Austin Dobson, Sir Frank Swettenham, Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Mr. William

Archer, Mr. Alfred East, A.R.A., Dr. Garnett, Mr. Gilbert Parker, M.P., Mr. Maurice Hewlett, Mr. Hugh Chisholm, Mr. Humphry Ward, and Mr. Sydney Grundy. Mr. Drachmann, after beginning life as a marine painter, adopted the profession of letters rather late, but is the author of more than forty volumes of poems, dramas, and stories. He has written, says Mr. Edmund Gosse, who was in the chair, "the songs of patriotism, the songs of love and wine and feasting; he has celebrated the sorrowful life of the poor, and in his youth he chanted the blood-red song of revolution. But, most of all, he has been the poet of the sea." Mr. Gosse also told an interesting little story of his first meeting with Mr. Drachmann in the summer of 1874. He "was staying in Copenhagen, and went one Sunday afternoon to the beautiful beechwoods of Charlottenlund in company with George Brandes. As we came out of the wood we saw a very tall young man in a suit of blue cloth, with a great white wide-awake, striding towards us. 'Ah!' said Brandes, 'here is Holger Drachmann, the marine-painter. You must know him. He writes verses, too, and I believe that if he would give his attention to literature he might become a greater poet than he ever will be a painter.' At that time a single pamphlet in a green paper cover included Mr. Drachmann's poetical works; now he is the author of more than forty volumes. It would be impossible for me to follow the stages of this rapid and various development. But there are certain points in it which attract our attention. Of these one is the success of 'Across the Frontier' in 1877, and the other is the production, at the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen in 1885, of the romantic drama of 'Once Upon a Time.' Our portrait is by E. Andersen, Helsingør.

Sub-Commissioner A. C. W. Jenner was murdered by a band of rebels in the Jubaland province of British East Africa. He was the third son of the celebrated physician, Sir William Jenner, who died in 1898. Mr. Arthur Charles William Jenner was a B.A. of Oxford, a barrister, and was formerly a lieutenant in the Middlesex Regiment. He was born in 1864. Our portrait is by Mayall and Co., Piccadilly.



The Gordon Highlanders at the front have a pet in the shape of a watchdog, whose special duty, they say, is to catch De Wet. Our photograph, which is by an officer, shows the dog dressed up to have his portrait taken.

ON THE TRACK OF DE WET

General Sir George Harry Smith Willis, G.C.B., served throughout the Crimean Campaign, and was present at the affairs of Bulganac and McKenzie's Farm, the battle of Alma, the capture of Balaklava, the battle of Inkerman, the capture of the quarries, the siege of Sebastopol, the repulse of several sorties, the attacks on the Redan of June 18 and September 8, and the battle of Tchernaya. In the Egyptian War of 1882 he commanded the Second Division, being present at the engagements of El Magfar, Tel-el-Mahuta, and Kassassin, and the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, where he was slightly wounded. He received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, and was made a K.C.B. From 1884 to 1889 Sir George Willis commanded the Southern District (Portsmouth). Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

The Rev. Canon Herbert Edward Ryle, D.D., President of Queen's College, Cambridge, has been appointed Bishop of Exeter, in the room of the Right Rev. Edward Henry Bickersteth, resigned. Dr. Ryle, who was born in London in 1856, is the second son of the late Dr. Ryle, who resigned the See of Liverpool early this year and died at Lowestoft about three months ago. He has been Hulsean Professor of Divinity at Cambridge since 1887, and was made President of Queen's College in 1896. He has been an honorary canon of Ripon for the last five years. Our portrait is by Palmer Clarke, Cambridge.

Lieutenant-Colonel George Evan Lloyd, D.S.O., commanding the 1st Battalion of the Duke of Wellington's (West Riding) Regiment, who was killed in General Paget's action on the 29th ult., only completed his forty-fifth year in October. He joined the old 70th (Surrey) Regiment from the Militia in 1876, and subsequently served in the South Yorkshire, Yorkshire Light Infantry, and South Staffordshire, till he was appointed to the post he last held in June, 1897. Colonel Lloyd had seen much active service, his first war experience being the Jowaki Expedition of 1877, after which he was at the assault and capture of Ali Musjid in the Afghan war; on the Nile as Commandant at Tangur in 1884, and in subsequent years in the Sudan wars. He was Governor of the Red Sea Littoral and Commandant at Suakin from July, 1894, to November, 1896, continuing in the latter post during the Dongola Expedition. Our portrait is by Edwards, Hyde Park Corner.

Lieutenant Arthur Melville Southey, of the 2nd Scots Guards, received his lieutenantancy in 1877, and was born in 1872. He had seen no previous war service. Our portrait is by Mayall and Co., Piccadilly.

Sir Francis George Manningham Boileau, of Ketteringham Park, Norfolk, was seventy years of age at the time of his death. He was a Liberal-Unionist and a staunch Churchman, and he took a prominent part in Norfolk county matters, having been a Deputy Lieutenant and a member of the County Council since its formation. He was a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries and a Knight of Justice of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. As a Freemason he was Senior Grand Warden of the province of Norfolk, Deacon in the Grand Lodge of England, Deputy Provincial Grand Master of Norfolk, and Grand Superintendent of the Provincial Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons. In 1860 he married the eldest daughter of Sir George Nugent, and he succeeded his father in the baronetcy in 1869. Educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, he was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1855. He is

succeeded in the title by his son, Maurice Colborne, who was born in 1865. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Colonel Count York von Wartenburg, who commanded the German expedition to Kalgan, was suffocated through sleeping in a Chinese house with an open fire in his room. He was found unconscious in the morning. Artificial respiration was restored to, and a messenger was sent to Peking for medical appliances, but the Count's condition was then critical and his death ensued very promptly. His body was brought back to Peking for temporary interment.

BOERS AND BOXERS

By CHARLES LOWE

"THE war is now over, though bodies of guerillas continue to give us trouble." So spoke Lord Roberts at Ladysmith on his way down to Durban from Johannesburg, and the words are a pithy summary of the present military situation in South Africa. On November 29 the Field-Marshal formally handed over the chief command to Lord Kitchener, and it was, perhaps, one of the cruellest things that has happened to him in Boerland that the burden of his last despatch to the War Office was the announcement that the garrison of Dewetsdorp, south-west of Bloemfontein, had been compelled to surrender to the Boers. But before inditing this despatch Lord Roberts had penned a much longer and pleasanter despatch in the shape of a farewell Army Order to the troops whom

he had commanded for nearly a year, and of whom he declared himself to be "intensely proud." Never, perhaps, in the history of our Army have British soldiers been addressed by their commander in terms of such touching affection, admiration, and pride. But then, again, "the service which the South African force has performed is, I venture to think, unique in the annals of war;" and the best of it was, as the man who knew them best also avouched, that their good behaviour was ever equal to their bravery.

When the full truth comes to be known, it will probably be found that the disaster at Dewetsdorp was no reproach to the bravery of the men concerned, though it was at first more than startling to be told that a body of over 400 British troops—mainly composed of the unlucky Irish Rifles and Gloucestershire Regiment—erstwhile also the victims of Nicholson's Nek—had surrendered to a Boer force liberally computed at 2,500, considering that the advantages of defence must have been all on the side of the garrison with its two guns. Nevertheless, that this garrison must have made a gallant defence before giving in may be inferred from its serious list of casualties—fifteen killed and forty-two wounded. It was the ubiquitous and irrepressible De Wet himself who furnished Lord Roberts at Johannesburg with this very disagreeable subject-matter for his last despatch to the War Office. But his victory did not prove of a very substantial kind, for it was stated that De Wet had been obliged to release all his prisoners owing to the impossibility of feeding them, while much of the loot which he carried away with him from Dewetsdorp was recovered in the course of the south and south-westward pursuit which was at once let loose on him by General Knox at the head of several co-operating forces. It was supposed to be De Wet's object to make a dash into Cape Colony for the double purpose of procuring supplies and raising recruits among the disloyal farmers—whose disaffection, as the Boer leader doubtless discerned, was sure to be deepened by the anti-British rantings at the great Afrikaner Congress at Worcester on the 6th inst.; but several bodies of our troops, by dint of rapid marching—averaging twenty-five miles a day—managed to head him off from the Orange River, whither he was making, and sent him doubling like a hare in some other direction, ever accompanied by the egregious Mr. Steyn.

Thus once more the main seat of military operations has been transferred to our Orange River Colony, with the result that the new Commander-in-Chief has also removed his headquarters from Johannesburg to Bloemfontein, so as to be nearer the chief centre of guerilla war; though from other parts of the annexed territories Lord Kitchener—who, for the rest, does not promise to be quite so interesting a despatch-writer as his predecessor—has had to report several serious affairs, notably an engagement of Paget's force near Bronkhorst Spruit, of unhappy memory, where we had a loss of thirty killed and sixty wounded, the former including Colonel Lloyd, of the West Riding Regiment. It was in this affair that "exceptional bravery throughout the day" was shown by the New Zealand Mounted Infantry, who had five officers lost out of six.

As for the equally longed-for end in China, that seems to be as indefinitely far off as ever, although it is stated from Berlin and elsewhere that Germany is now inclined to give way on the question of the decapitation penalty as included among the eleven points of the "irrevocable decision" adopted by the Ministers at Peking. While foregoing "no jot of its undoubted right," as emphasized in Mr. McKinley's message to Congress, "to exact the exemplary and deterrent punishment of the responsible authors and abettors of criminal acts," the Government of the United States is averse from committing itself to a war which would be the probable result of the ultimatum as agreed upon by the Ministers at Peking. The Identical Note of the Allies in its modified form is to be presented by M. Pichon, the Minister of France, who will thus have cause to plume herself on the prominent role assigned to her as the mouth-piece of the Powers, a role in which the Republic has not been familiar for many years.



The men of the Royal Horse Guards, who have been serving in South Africa in the Composite Household Cavalry Regiment, met with a very hearty reception from their comrades on their arrival at Knightsbridge Barracks, after being reviewed by the Queen. The welcome given to the returning troopers was most enthusiastic, some of the men being carried shoulder high by their comrades.

BACK FROM THE WAR: A WELCOME HOME AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE BARRACKS

DRAWN BY OLIVER PAQUE

Sir Claude MacDonald

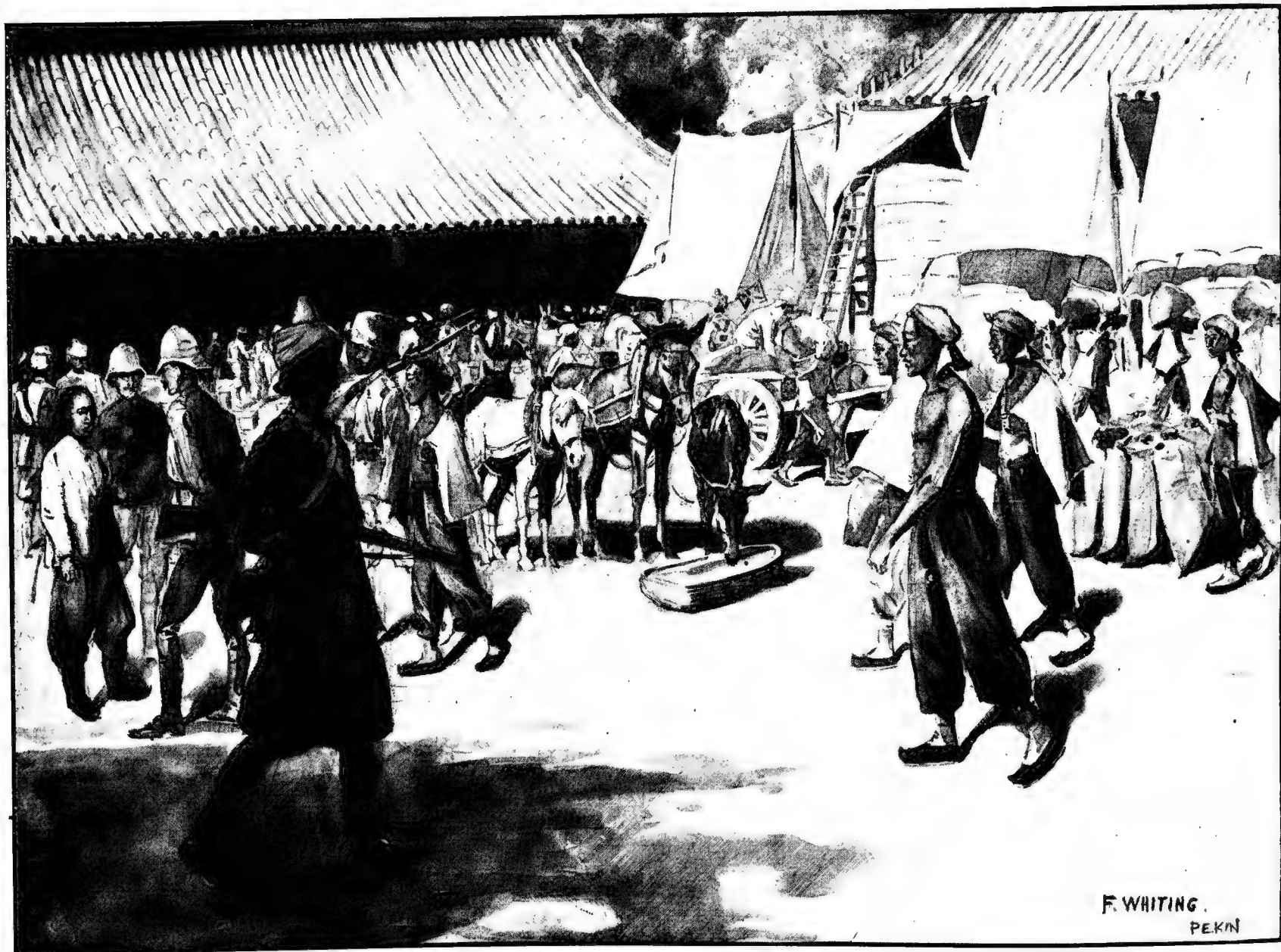
SIR CLAUDE MACDONALD, who is now, it may be hoped, enjoying a little quiet in Japan after the summer's tragic experiences, was born in 1852, and entered the Army in 1872, after passing through the Military College at Sandhurst as a subaltern in the Highland Light Infantry. He first saw active service in the Egyptian Expedition of 1882, and was appointed in the following year Military Attaché to the British Agency in Cairo. He took part in the operations in the Eastern Sudan in 1884, and he was wounded at the battle of Tamai. In 1887 he proceeded to Zanzibar as Acting Agent and Consul-General, and in the following year he was appointed Her Majesty's Commissioner on the West Coast of Africa. A large extent of country had been brought under British rule in 1885, but until Major MacDonald went out no serious attempt had been made to render our occupation really effective beyond the coast. His quiet determination, however, common sense, and pluck, enabled him to do much admirable work. "With a small staff of his own selection, he created a regular administration, trained a native police force, provided a permanent revenue by the establishment of Custom-houses, opened up communications, developed the resources of a primitive country, and in short built up a system of government which, in spite of some friction at the outset with the European traders, ensured peace, order, and security and a fair measure of prosperity to the territory which he had taken over in 1887 almost as a *terra incognita*, and which he



SIR CLAUDE MACDONALD, LATELY BRITISH MINISTER AT PEKING
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRED WHITING

left in 1895 permanently reclaimed to the civilising influences of British rule."

It was a natural result of the administrative ability he here displayed, as well as of the diplomatic qualities of which he had given proof when he was sent by the Foreign Office to Berlin to assist in the negotiations for the delimitation of the Anglo-German frontier of the Cameroons, that he became marked out for early promotion. He was made a K.C.M.G. in 1892, and in 1895, when Sir Nicholas O'Connor was promoted to the St. Petersburg Embassy, to the surprise of all who had not followed Sir Claude MacDonald's career, he was promoted to that most difficult post in the diplomatic service, the Legation at Peking. To this post he brought the same quiet resource, diligence and whole-heartedness, and if he failed to quite grasp the subtleties of Chinese character, and to foresee an impending crisis, he was only in the position of the rest of his colleagues in Peking, who one and all were tempted to underrate the seriousness of the outlook until too late. He occupied the Legation at quite the most trying period during our relations with China, and hampered as he was by divided counsels at home one wonders not so much at what he did not accomplish as at the plucky manner in which he strove to uphold British prestige, while there is a tendency now to overlook the fact that many valuable concessions were obtained and many difficulties settled during his term of office. When the storm actually burst Sir Claude, being a born soldier, showed at his best, and it may well be questioned whether the Legations would have survived but for his capable leadership. By unanimous consent he took command of the strangely assorted international assemblage of military and civilians, and the story of the gallant defence of the English quarter in Peking is one with which his name will always be honourably associated.

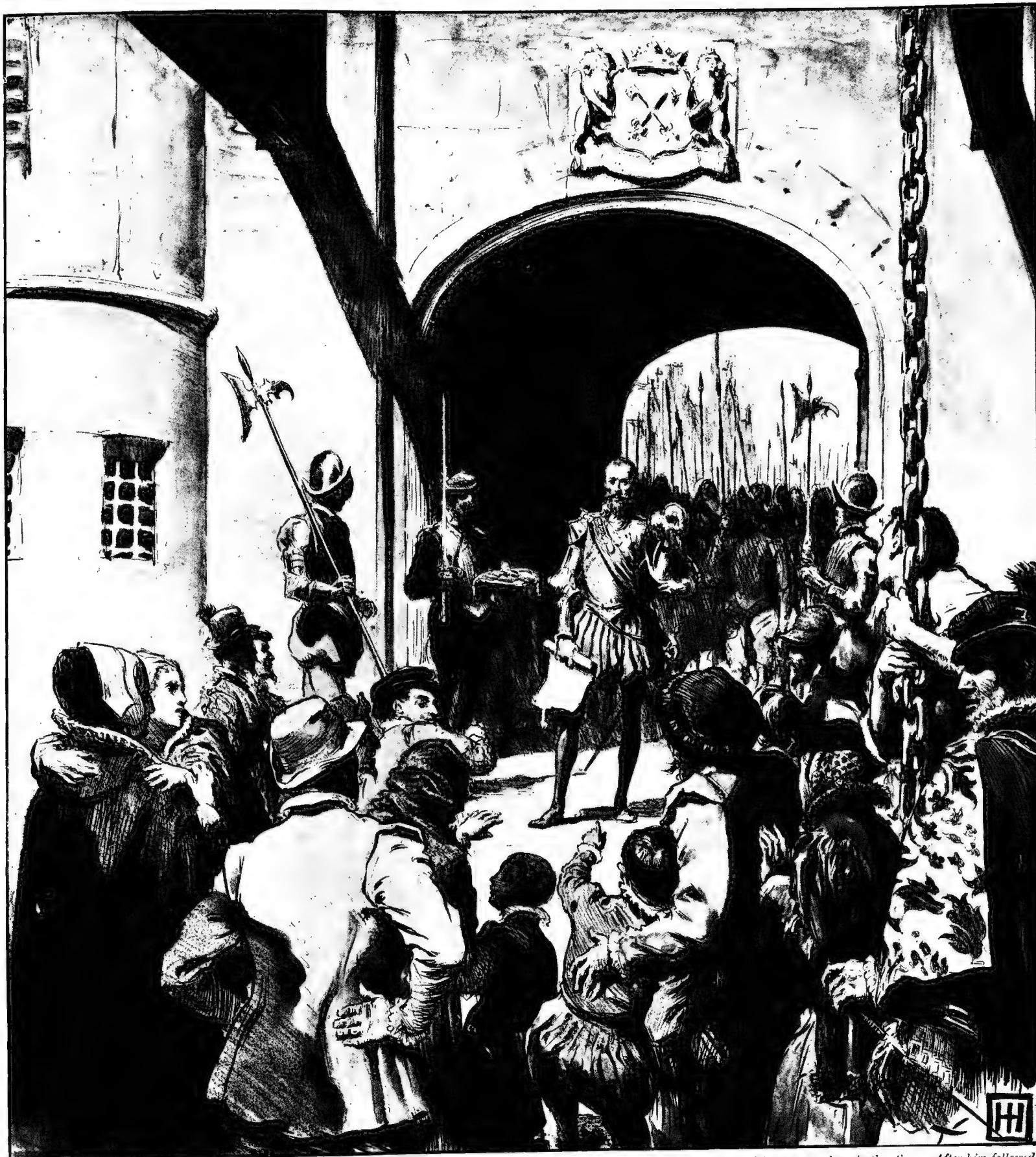


Our Special Artist writes:—"The commissariat quarters consist of several large buildings in what was once the Emperor's carriage park. The place is always a scene of great activity just now, especially as the British are laying in a supply of grain for the winter. The big grain-holders, skilfully made of

Chinese matting, are full of Indian corn. In the yard every morning may be seen carts harnessed with a donkey, mule, or pony as leaders, and a pony in the shafts."

THE CRISIS IN CHINA: THE COMMISSARIAT "GO-DOWN" AT PEKING

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRED WHITING



"The doors were thrown open and a man—he was an executioner—came out carrying a sword in one hand and a bunch of keys on a salver in the other. After him followed the governor gallantly dressed and escorted by a company of soldiers and the officials of the prison. Drawing a scroll from beneath his cloak he began to read it rapidly and in an almost inaudible voice."

LYSBETH

A TALE OF THE DUTCH

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by G. P. JACOMB-HOOD, R.I.

CHAPTER XVII.

BETROTHED



At nightfall on the morrow Adrian returned as appointed, and was admitted into the same room, where he found Black Meg, who handed to him a tiny phial containing a fluid as clear as water. This was scarcely to be wondered at, seeing that it was water and nothing else.

"Will it really work upon her heart?" asked Adrian, eyeing the stuff.

"Ay," answered the hag; "it is a wondrous medicine, and those who drink it go crazed with love for the giver. It is compounded according to the Master's own receipt, from very costly tasteless herbs that grow only in the deserts of Arabia."

Adrian understood, and fumbled in his

pocket. Meg stretched out her hand to receive the honorarium. It was a long, skinny hand, with long, skinny fingers, but there was this peculiarity about it, that one of these fingers chanced to be missing. She saw his eyes fixed upon the gap, and rushed into an explanation.

"I have met with an accident," Meg explained. "In cutting up a pig the chopper caught this finger and severed it."

"Did you wear a ring on it?" asked Adrian.

"Yes," she replied, with sombre fury.

"How very strange!" ejaculated Adrian.

"Why?"

"Because I have seen a finger, a long woman's finger with a gold ring on it, that might have come off your hand. I suppose the pork-butcher picked it up for a keepsake."

"May be, Heer Adrian, but where is it now?"

"Oh! it is, or was, in a bottle of spirits tied by a thread to the cork."

Meg's evil face contorted itself. "Get me that bottle," she said hoarsely. "Look you, Heer Adrian, I am doing much for you, do this for me."

"What do you want it for?"

"To give it Christian burial," she replied sourly. "It is not fitting or lucky that a person's finger should stand about in a bottle like a caul or a lizard. Get it, I say get it—I ask no question where—or you will have little help in your love affairs from me."

"Do you wish the dagger hilt also?" he asked mischievously.

She looked at him out of the corners of her black eyes. This young man knew too much.

"I want the finger and the ring on it which I lost in chopping up the pig."

"Perhaps, mother, you would like the pig, too. Are you not making a mistake? Weren't you trying to cut his throat, and didn't he bite off the finger?"

"If I want the pig, I'll search his sty. You bring that bottle, if—"

She did not finish her sentence, for the door opened, and through it came the Sage.

"Quarrelling," he said in a tone of reproof. "What about? Let me guess," and he passed his hand over his shadowed brow. "Ah! I see, there is a finger in it, a finger of fate? No, not that," and, moved by a fresh inspiration, he grasped Meg's hand, and added, "Now I have it. Bring it back, friend Adrian, bring it back; a dead finger is most unlucky to all save its owner. As a favour to me."

"Very well," said Adrian.

"My gifts grow," mused the Master. "I have a vision of this honest hand and of a great sword—but, there, it is not worth while, too small a matter. Leave us, mother. It shall be returned, my word on it. Yes, gold ring and all. And now young friend, let us talk. You have the philtre? Well, I can promise you that it is a good one, it would almost bring Galatea from her marble. Pygmalion must have known that secret. But tell me something of your life, your daily thoughts and daily deeds, for when I give my friendship I love to live in the life of my friends."

Thus encouraged, Adrian told him a great deal, so much, indeed, that the Señor Ramiro, nodding in the shadow of his hood, began to wonder whether the spy behind the cupboard door, expert as he was, could possibly make his pen keep pace with these outpourings. Oh! it was a dreary task, but he kept to it, and by putting in a sentence here and there, artfully turned the conversation to matters of faith.

"No need to fence with me," he said presently. "I know how you have been brought up, how through no fault of your own you have wandered out of the warm bosom of the true Church to sit at the clay feet of the conventicle. You doubt it? Well, let me look again, let me look. Yes, only last week you were seated in a whitewashed room overlooking the market-place. I see it all—an ugly little man with a harsh voice is preaching, preaching what I think blasphemy. Baskets—baskets? What have baskets to do with him?"

"I believe he used to make them," interrupted Adrian, taking the bait.

"That may be it, or perhaps he will be buried in one; at any rate he is strangely mixed up with baskets. Well, there are others with you, a middle-aged, heavy-faced man, is he not Dirk van Goorl, your stepfather? And—wait—a young fellow with rather a pleasant face, also a relation. I see his name, but I can't spell it. F—F—o—i, faith in the French tongue, odd name for a heretic."

"Foy," interrupted Adrian again.

"Indeed! Strange that I should have mistaken the last letter, but in the spirit sight and hearing these things chance: then there is a great man with a red beard."

"No, Master, you're wrong," said Adrian with emphasis; "Martin was not there; he stopped behind to watch the house."

"Are you sure?" asked the seer doubtfully. "I look and I seem to see him," and he stared blankly at the wall.

"So you might see him often enough, but not at last week's meeting."

It is needless to follow the conversation further. The seer, by aid of a ball of crystal that he produced from the folds of his cloak, described his spirit visions, and the pupil corrected them from his intimate knowledge of the facts, until the Señor Ramiro and his confederates in the cupboard had enough evidence, as evidence was understood in those days, to burn Dirk, Foy, and Martin three times over, and, if it should suit him, Adrian also. Then for that night they parted.

Next evening Adrian was back again with the finger in the bottle, which Meg grabbed as a pike snatches at a frog, and further fascinating conversation ensued. Indeed, Adrian found this well of mystic lore tempered with shrewd advice upon love affairs and other worldly matters, and with flattery of his own person and gifts, singularly attractive.

Several times did he return thus, for as it chanced Elsa had been unwell and kept her room, so that he discovered no opportunity of administering the magic philtre that was to cause her heart to burn with love for him.

At length, when even the patient Ramiro was almost worn out by the young gentleman's lengthy visits, the luck changed. Elsa appeared one day at dinner, and with great adroitness Adrian, quite unseen of anyone, contrived to empty the phial into her goblet of water, which, as he rejoiced to see, she drank to the last drop.

But no opportunity such as he sought ensued, for Elsa, overcome, doubtless, by an unwonted rush of emotion, retired to battle against it in her own chamber. As it was impossible to follow and propose to her there, Adrian, possessing his soul in such patience as he could command, sat in the sitting-room to await her return, for he knew that it was not her habit to go out until five o'clock. As it happened, however, Elsa had other arrangements for this afternoon, since she had promised to accompany Lysbeth upon several visits to the wives of neighbours, and then to meet her cousin Foy at the factory and walk with him in the meadows beyond the town.

So while Adrian, lost in dreams, waited in the sitting-room Elsa and Lysbeth left the house by the side door.

They had paid three of their visits when their path chanced to lead them past the old town prison which was called the Gevangenhuys. This place formed one of the gateways of the city, for it was built in the walls and opened on to the moat, water from which surrounded it on all sides. In front of its massive door, that was guarded by two soldiers, a small crowd had gathered on the draw-bridge and in the street beyond, apparently in expectation of somebody or something. Lysbeth looked at the three-storied frowning building and shuddered, for it was here that heretics were put upon their trial, and here, too, many of them were done to death after the dreadful fashion of the day.

"Hasten," she said to Elsa, as she pushed through the crowd, "for doubtless some horror passes within."

"Have no fear," answered an elderly and good-natured woman who overheard her, "we are only waiting to see the new governor of the prison read his appointment."

As she spoke the doors were thrown open and a man—he was an executioner—came out carrying a sword in one hand and a bunch of keys on a salver in the other. After him followed the governor gallantly dressed and escorted by a company of soldiers and the officials of the prison. Drawing a scroll from beneath his cloak he began to read it rapidly and in an almost inaudible voice.

It was his commission as governor of the prison signed by Alva himself, and set out in full his powers, which were considerable, his responsibilities which were small, and other matters, excepting only the sum of money that he had paid for the office, that, given certain conditions, was, as a matter of fact, sold to the highest bidder. As may be guessed, this post of governor of a prison in one of the large Netherland cities was lucrative enough to those who did not object to such a fashion of growing rich. So lucrative was it, indeed, that the salary supposed to attach to the office was never paid; at least its occupant was expected to help himself to it out of heretical pockets.

As he finished reading through the paper the new governor looked up, to see, perhaps, what impression he had produced upon his audience. Now Elsa saw his face for the first time and gripped Lysbeth's arm.

"It is Ramiro," she whispered, "Ramiro the spy, the man who dogged my father at The Hague."

As well might she have spoken to a statue. Indeed, of a sudden Lysbeth seemed to be smitten into stone, for there she stood staring with a blanched and meaningless face at the face of the man opposite to her. Well might she stare, for she also knew him. Across the gulf of years, one-eyed, bearded, withered, scarred as he was by suffering, passion and evil thoughts, she knew him, for there before her stood one whom she thought dead, the wretch whom she had believed to be her husband, Juan de Montalvo. Some magnetism drew his gaze to hers; out of all the faces of that crowd it was hers that leapt to his eye. He trembled and grew white; he turned away, and swiftly was gone back into the hell of the Gevangenhuys. Like a demon he had come out of it to survey the human world beyond, and search for victims there; like a demon he went back into his own place. So at least it seemed to Lysbeth.

"Come, come," she muttered, and, drawing the girl with her, she passed out of the crowd.

Elsa began to talk in a strained voice that from time to time broke into a sob.

"That is the man," she said. "He hounded down my father; it was his wealth he wanted, but my father swore that he would die before he should win it, and he is dead—dead in the Inquisition, and that man is his murderer."

Lysbeth made no answer, never a word she said, till presently they halted at a mean and humble door. Then she spoke for the first time in cold, constrained accents.

"I am going in here to visit the Vrouw Jansen; you have heard of her, the wife of him whom they burned. She sent me word to say that she is sick, I know not of what, but there is smallpox about; I have heard of four cases of it in the city, so, cousin, it is wisest that you should not accompany me. Give me the basket with the food and wine. Look, yonder is the factory, quite close at hand, and you will find Foy there. Oh! never mind Ramiro. What is done is done. Go and walk with Foy, and for a while forget—Ramiro."

At the door of the factory Elsa found Foy awaiting her, and they walked together through one of the gates of the city into the pleasant meadows that lay beyond. At first they did not speak much, for each of them was occupied with thoughts which pressed their minds to silence. When they were clear of the town, however, Elsa could contain herself no more; indeed, the anguish awakened in her mind by the sight of Ramiro working upon her high-strung nerves had made her half-hysterical. She began to speak; the words broke from her like water from a dam which it has breached. She told him that she had seen the man, and more—much more. All the misery which she had suffered, all the love for the father who was lost to her.

At last Elsa ceased, outworn, and, halting there upon the river bank, she wrung her hands and wept. Till now Foy had said nothing, for his good spirits and cheerful readiness seemed to have forsaken him. Even now he said nothing. All he did was to put his arms about this sweet maid's waist, and, drawing her to him, to kiss her upon brow and eyes and lips. She did not resist; it never seemed to occur to her to show resentment; indeed, she let her head sink upon his shoulder like the head of a little child, and there sobbed herself to silence. At last she lifted her face and asked very simply:

"What do you want with me, Foy van Goorl?"

"What?" he repeated; "why I want to be your husband."

"Is this a time for marrying and giving in marriage?" she asked again, but almost as though she were speaking to herself.

"I don't know that it is," he replied, "but it seems the only thing to do, and in such days two are better than one."

She drew away and looked at him, shaking her head sadly. "My father," she began—

"Yes," he interrupted, brightening, "thank you for mentioning him. That reminds me. He wished this, so I hope now that he is gone you will take the same view."

"It is rather late to talk about that, isn't it, Foy?" she stammered, looking at his shoulder and smoothing her ruffled hair with her small white hand, "but what do you mean?"

"So word for word, as nearly as he could remember it, he told her what Hendrik Brant had said to him in that cellar at The Hague before they had entered upon the desperate adventure of their flight to the Haarlemer Meer. "He wished it, you see," he ended.

"My thought was always his thought, and—Foy—I wish it also."

"Priceless things are not lightly won," said he, quoting Brant's words, for secret apprehension rose within him.

"There he must have been talking of the treasure, Foy," she answered, her face lightening to a smile.

"Ay, of the treasure, sweet, the treasure of your dear heart."

"A poor thing, Foy, but I think that—it rings true."

"It had need, Elsa, but the best of coin may crack with rough usage."

"Mine will wear till death, Foy."

"I ask no more, Elsa. When I am dead, spend it elsewhere; I shall find it again above where there is no marrying or giving in marriage."

"There would be but small change left to spend, Foy, but look to your own gold and—see that you do not alter its image and

superscription, for metal will melt in the furnace, and each queen has her stamp."

"Enough," he broke in impatiently. "Why do you talk of such things, and in these riddles which puzzle me?"

"Because, because, we are not married yet, and—the words are not mine—precious things are dearly won. Perfect love and perfect peace cannot be bought with a few sweet words and kisses; they must be earned in trial and tribulation."

"Of which I have no doubt we shall find plenty," he replied cheerfully. "Meanwhile, the kisses make a good road to travel on."

After this Elsa did not argue any more.

At length they turned and walked homeward through the quiet evening twilight, hand clasped in hand, and were happy in their way. It was not a very demonstrative way, for the Dutch have never been excitable, or at least they do not show their excitement. Moreover, the conditions of this betrothal were peculiar; it was as though their hands had been joined from a deathbed, the deathbed of Hendrik Brant, the martyr of The Hague, whose new-shed blood cried out to Heaven for vengeance. This sense pressing on both of them did not tend towards rapturous outbursts of youthful passion, and even if they could have shaken it off and let their young blood have rein, there remained another sense—that of dangers ahead of them.

"Two are better than one," Foy had said, and for her own reasons she had not wished to argue the point. Still Elsa felt that to it there was another side. If two could comfort each other, could help each other, could love each other, could they not also suffer for each other? In short, by doubling their lives, did they not also double their anxieties, or if children should come, trouble and quadruple them? This is true of all marriage, but how much more was it true in such days and in such a case as that of Foy and Elsa, both of them heretics, both of them rich, and, therefore, both liable at a moment's notice to be haled to the torment and the stake? Knowing these things, and having but just seen the hated face of Ramiro, it is not wonderful that although she rejoiced as any woman must that the man to whom her soul turned had declared himself her lover, Elsa could only drink of this joyful cup with a chastened and a fearful spirit. Nor is it wonderful that even in the hour of his lover's triumph Foy's buoyant and hopeful nature was chilled by the shadow of her fears and the forebodings of his own heart.

When Lysbeth parted from Elsa that afternoon she went straight up to the chamber of the Vrouw Jansen. It was a poor place, for after the execution of her husband his wretched widow had been robbed of all her property and now existed upon the charity of her co-religionists. Lysbeth found her in bed with an old woman nursing her, who told her that she thought the patient was suffering from a fever. She leant over the bed and kissed her, but started back when she saw that the glands of her neck were swollen into great lumps, while the face was flushed and the eyes so bloodshot as to be almost red. Still she knew her, for she said:

"What is the matter with me, Vrouw van Goorl? Is it the smallpox coming on? Tell me, friend. The doctor would not speak."

"I fear that it is worse; it is the plague," said Lysbeth, started into candour.

The poor sick girl laughed hoarsely. "Oh! I hoped it," she said. "I am glad, I am glad, for now I shall die and go to join him. But I wish that I had caught it before," she rambled on to herself, "for I would have taken it to him in prison and they couldn't have treated him as they did." Then suddenly she seemed to come to a clear mind again, for she added, "Go away, Vrouw van Goorl, go quickly or you may catch it."

"If I am to catch it, I am afraid that the mischief is done, for I have kissed you," answered Lysbeth. "But I do not fear such sicknesses, though perhaps if I took this one it would save me many a trouble. Still, there are others to think of, and I will go." So, having knelt down to pray awhile by the patient, and given the old nurse her basket of soup and food, Lysbeth went.

Next morning she heard that the Vrouw Jansen was dead, the sickness that struck her being of the most fatal sort.

Lysbeth knew that she had run great risk since she had never taken the plague, and there is no disease more infectious. She determined, therefore, that so soon as she reached home she would burn her dress and other articles of clothing and purify herself with the fumes of herbs. Then she dismissed the matter from her mind, which was already filled with another thought, a dominant, soul-possessing thought.

Oh God, Montalvo had returned to Leyden! Out of the blackness of the past, out of the gloom of the galleys, had arisen this evil genius of her life; yes, and, by a strange fatality of the life of Elsa Brant also, since it was he, she swore, who had dogged down her father. Lysbeth was a brave woman, one who had passed through many dangers, but her whole heart turned sick with terror at the sight of him, and sick it must remain till she, or he, were dead. She could well guess what he had come to seek. It was that cursed treasure of Hendrik Brant's which had drawn him. She knew from Elsa that for a year at least the man Ramiro had been plotting to steal this money at The Hague. He had failed there, failed with overwhelming and shameful loss through the bravery and resource of her son Foy and their henchman, Red Martin. Now he had discovered their identity; he was aware that they had the secret of the hiding-place of that accursed hoard, and he had established himself in Leyden to wring it out of them. It was clear, clear as the setting orb of the red sun before her. She knew the man—had she not lived with him? There could be no doubt about it, and—she was the new governor of the Gevangenhuys. Doubtless he had purchased that post for his own dark purposes and—to be near them.

Sick and half blind with the intensity of her dread, Lysbeth staggered home. She must tell Dirk, that was her one thought; but no, she had been in contact with the plague, first she ought to purify herself. So she went to her room, and although it was summer, lit a great fire on the hearth, and in it burned her garments. Then she bathed and fumigated her hair and body over a brazier of strong herbs, such as in those days of frequent and virulent sickness housewives kept at hand, after which she dressed herself afresh and went to seek her husband. She found him at a desk in his private room reading some paper, which at her approach he shuffled into a drawer.

"What is that, Dirk?" she asked with sudden suspicion.

He pretended not to hear, and she repeated the query.

"Well, wife, if you wish to know," he answered in his blunt fashion, "it is my will."

"Why are you reading your will?" she asked, again beginning to tremble, for her nerves were afire, and this simple accident struck her as something awful and ominous.

"For no particular reason, wife," he replied quietly, "only we all must die, early or late. There is no escape from that, and in these times it is more often early than late, so it is as well to be sure that everything is in order for those who come after us. Now, since we are on the subject, which I have never cared to speak about, listen to me."

"What about, husband?"

"Why, about my will. Look you, Hendrik Brant and his treasure have taught me a lesson. I am not a man of his substance, or a tenth of it, but in some countries I should be called rich, for I have worked hard and God has prospered me. Well, of late I have been realising where I could, also the bulk of my savings are in cash. But the cash is not here, not in this country at all. You know my correspondents, Munt and Brown, of Norwich, in England, to whom we ship our goods for the English market. They are honest folk, and Munt owes me everything, almost to his life. Well, they have the money, it has reached them safely, thanks be to God, and with it a counterpart of this my will duly attested, and here is their letter of acknowledgment stating that they have laid it out carefully at interest upon mortgage on great estates in Norfolk where it lies to my order, or that of my heirs, and that a duplicate acknowledgment has been filed in their English registries in case this should go astray. Little remains here to me except this house and the factory, and even on those I have raised money. Meanwhile the business is left to live on, and beyond it the rents which will come from England, so that whether I be living or dead you need fear no want. But what is the matter with you, Lysbeth? You look strange."

"Oh! husband, husband," she gasped, "Juan de Montalvo is here again. He has appeared as the new governor of the gaol. I saw him this afternoon. I cannot be mistaken, although he has lost an eye and is much changed."

Dirk's jaw dropped and his florid face whitened. "Juan de Montalvo!" he said. "I heard that he was dead long ago."

"You are mistaken, husband. A devil never dies. He is seeking Brant's treasure, and he knows that we have its secret. You can guess the rest. More, now that I think of it, I have heard that a strange Spaniard is lodging with Hague Simon, he whom they call the Butcher, and Black Meg, of whom we have cause to know. Doubtless it is he, and—Dirk, death overshadows us."

"Why should he know of Brant's treasure, wife?"

"Because he is *Ramiro*, the man who dogged him down, the man who followed the ship *Swallow* to the Haarlemer Meer. Elsa was with me this afternoon, she knew him again."

Dirk thought awhile, resting his head upon his hand. Then he lifted it and said:

"I am very glad that I sent the money to Munt and Brown, Heaven gave me that thought. Well, wife, what is your counsel now?"

"My counsel is that we should fly from Leyden—all of us, yes, this very night before worse happens."

He smiled. "That cannot be; there are no means of flight, and under the new laws we could not pass the gates; that trick has been played too often. Still, in a day or two, when I have had time to arrange, we might escape if you still wish to go."

"To-night, to-night," she urged, "or some of us stay for ever."

"I tell you, wife, it is not possible. Am I a rat that I should be bolted from my hole thus by this ferret of a Montalvo? I am no longer young, and a man of peace, but let him beware lest I stop here long enough to pass a sword through him."

"So be it, husband," she replied, "but I think it is through my heart that the sword will pass," and she burst out weeping.

Supper that night was a somewhat melancholy meal. Dirk and Lysbeth sat at the ends of the table in silence. On one side of it were placed Foy and Elsa, who were also silent for a very different reason, while opposite to them was Adrian, who watched Elsa with an anxious and inquiring eye.

That the love potion worked he was certain, for she looked confused and a little flushed; also, as would be natural under the circumstances, she avoided his glance and made pretence to be interested in Foy, who seemed rather more stupid than usual. Well, so soon as he could find his chance all this would be cleared up, but meanwhile the general gloom and silence were trying to his nerves.

"What have you been doing this afternoon, mother?" he asked presently.

"I, son?" she replied with a start. "I have been visiting the unhappy Vrouw Jansen, whom I found very sick."

"What is the matter with her, mother?"

Lysbeth's mind, which had wandered away, again returned to the subject in hand with an effort.

"The matter? Oh! she has the plague."

"The plague!" exclaimed Adrian, springing to his feet. "Do you mean to say that you have been consorting with a woman who has the plague?"

"I fear so," she answered with a smile, "but do not be frightened, Adrian, I have burnt my clothes and fumigated myself."

But Adrian was frightened. His recent experience of sickness had been ample, and although he was no coward he had a special dislike of infectious diseases, which at the time were many.

"It is horrible," he said, "horrible. I only hope that we—I mean you—may escape. The house is unbearably close. I am going to walk in the courtyard," and away he went, for the moment, at any rate, forgetting all about Elsa and the love-potion.

CHAPTER XVIII.
FOY SEES A VISION

NEVER since that night when, many years before, she had bought the safety of the man she loved by promising herself in marriage to his rival, had Lysbeth slept so ill as she did upon this day. Montalvo was alive. Montalvo was here, here to strike down and destroy those whom she loved, and triple-armed with power, authority, and desire to do the deed. Well she knew that when there was plunder to be won, he would not step aside or soften until it was in his hands.

Yet there was hope in this; he was not a cruel man, as she knew also, that is to say, he had no pleasure in inflicting suffering for its own sake; such methods he used only as a means to an end. If he could get the money, all of it, she was sure that he would leave them alone. Why should he not have it? Why should all their lives be menaced because of this trust which had been thrust upon them?

Unable to endure the torment of her doubts and fears, Lysbeth woke her husband, who was sleeping peacefully at her side, and told him what was passing in her mind.

"That is a true saying," answered Dirk with a smile, "but even the best of women are never quite honest when their interest pulls the other way. What, wife? Would you have us buy our own peace with Brant's fortune, and thus break faith with a dead man and bring down his curse upon us?"

"The lives of men are more than gold, and Elsa would consent," she answered sullenly; "already this pelf is stained with blood, the blood of Hendrik Brant himself, and of Hans the pilot."

"Yes, wife, and since you mention it, with the blood of a good many Spaniards also, who tried to steal it. Let's see; there must have been several drowned at the mouth of the river, and quite twenty went up with the *Swallow*, so the loss has not been all on our side. Listen, Lysbeth, listen. It was my cousin, Hendrik Brant's, belief that in the end this great fortune of his would do some service to our people or our country, for he wrote as much in his will and repeated it to Foy. I know not when or in what fashion this may come about; how can I know? but first will I die before I hand it over to the Spaniard. Moreover, I cannot, since its secret was never told to me."

"Foy and Martin have it."

"Lysbeth," said Dirk sternly, "I charge you as you love me do not work upon them to betray their trust; no, not even to save my life or your own. If we must die, let us die with honour. Do you promise?"

"I promise," she answered with dry lips, "but on this condition only, that you fly from Leyden with us all, to-night if may be."

"Good," answered Dirk, "a halfpenny for a herring; you have given your promise, and I'll give mine; that's fair, although I am old to seek a new home in England. But it can't be to-night, wife, for I must make arrangements. There is a ship sailing to-day, and we might catch her to-morrow at the river's mouth, after she has passed the officers, for her captain is a friend of mine. How will that do?"

"I had rather it had been to-day," said Lysbeth. "While we are in Leyden with that man we are not safe from one hour to the next."

"Wife, we are never safe. It is all in the hands of God, and, therefore, we should live like soldiers awaiting the hour to march, and rejoice exceedingly when it pleases our Captain to sound the call."

"I know," she answered; "but, oh! Dirk, it would be hard—to part."

He turned his head aside for a moment, then said in a steady voice, "Yes, wife, but it will be sweet to meet again and part no more."

While it was still early that morning Dirk summoned Foy and Martin to his wife's chamber. Adrian for his own reasons he did not summon, making the excuse that he was still asleep, and it would be a pity to disturb him; nor Elsa, since as yet there was no necessity to trouble her. Then, briefly, for he was given to few words, he set out the gist of the matter, telling them that the man Ramiro whom they had beaten on the Haarlemer Meer was in Leyden, which Foy knew already, for Elsa had told him as much, and that he was no other than the Spaniard named the Count Juan de Montalvo, that villain who had deceived Lysbeth into a mock marriage by working on her fears, and who was the father of Adrian. All this time Lysbeth sat in a carved oak chair listening with a stony face to the tale of her own shame and betrayal. She made no sign at all beyond a little twitching of her fingers, till Foy, guessing what she suffered in her heart, suddenly went to her and kissed her. Then she wept a few silent tears, for an instant laid her hand upon his head as though in blessing, and, motioning him back to his place, became herself again—stern, unmoved, observant.

Next Dirk, taking up his tale, spoke of his wife's fears, and of her belief that there was a plot to wring out of them the secret of Hendrik Brant's treasure.

"Happily," he said, addressing Foy, "neither your mother nor I, nor Adrian, nor Elsa, know the secret; you and Martin know it alone, you and perhaps one other who is far away and cannot be caught. We do not know it, and we do not wish to know it, and whatever happens to any of us, it is our earnest hope that neither of you will betray it, even if our lives, or your lives, hang upon the words, for we hold it better that we should keep our trust with a dead man at all costs than that we should save ourselves by breaking faith. Is it not so, wife?"

"It is so," answered Lysbeth hoarsely.

"Have no fear," said Foy. "We will die before we betray."

"We will try to die before we betray," grumbled Martin in his deep voice, "but flesh is frail and God knows."

"Oh! I have no doubt of you, honest man," said Dirk with a smile, "for you have no mother and father to think of in this matter."

"Then, master, you are foolish," replied Martin, "for I repeat it—flesh is frail, and I always hated the look of a rack. However, I have a handsome legacy charged upon this treasure, and perhaps the thought of that would support me. Alive or dead, I should not like to think of my money being spent by any Spaniard."

While Martin spoke the strangeness of the thing came home to Foy. Here were four of them, two of whom knew a secret and two who did not, while those who did not implored those who did to impart to them nothing of the knowledge which, if they had it, might serve to save them from a fearful doom. Then for the first time in his young and inexperienced life he understood how great erring men and women can be and what patient majesty dwells in the human heart, that for the sake of a trust it does not seek, can yet defy the most hideous terrors of the body and the soul. Indeed, that scene stamped itself upon his mind in such fashion that throughout his long existence he never quite forgot it for a single day. His mother, clad in her frilled white cap and grey gown, seated cold-faced and resolute in the oaken chair. His father, to whom, although he knew it not, he was now speaking for the last time, standing by her, his hand resting upon her shoulder and addressing them in his quiet, honest voice; Martin standing also but a little to one side and behind, the light of the morning playing upon his great red beard, his round, pale eyes glittering as was their fashion when wrathful, and himself, Foy, leaning forward to

listen, every nerve in his body strung tight with excitement, love, and fear.

Oh! he never forgot it, which is not strange, for so great was the strain upon him, so well did he know that this scene was but the prelude to terrible events, that for a moment, only for a moment, his steady reason was shaken and he saw a vision. Martin, the huge, patient, ox-like Martin, was changed into a red Vengeance; he saw him, great sword aloft, he heard the roar of his battle cry, and lo! before him men went down to death, and about him the floor seemed purple with their blood. His father and his mother, too; they were no longer human, they were saints—see the glory which shone over them, and look, too, the dead Hendrik Brant was whispering in their ears. And he, Foy, he was beside Martin playing his part in those red frays as best he might, and playing it not in vain.

Then all passed, and a wave of peace rolled over him, a great sense of duty done, of honour satisfied, of reward attained. Lo! the play was finished, and its ultimate meaning clear, but before he could read and understand it it had gone.

He gasped and shook himself, gripping his hands together.

"What have you seen, son?" asked Lysbeth, watching his face.

"Strange things, mother," Foy answered. "A vision of war for Martin and me, of glory for my father and you, and of eternal peace for us all."

"It is a good omen, Foy," she said. "Fight your fight and leave us to fight ours. 'Through much tribulation we must enter into the Kingdom of God,' where at last there is a rest remaining for us all. It is a good omen. Your father was right and I was wrong. Now I have no more fear; I am satisfied."

None of them seemed to be amazed or to find these words wonderful and out of the common. For them the hand of approaching Doom had opened the gates of Distance, and they knew everyone that through these some light had broken on their souls, a faint flicker of light from beyond the clouds. They accepted it in thankfulness.

"I think that is all I have to say," said Dirk in his usual voice. "No, it is not all," and he told them of his plan for flight. They listened and agreed to it, yet to them it seemed a thing far off and unreal. None of them believed that this escape would ever be carried out. All of them believed that here in Leyden they would endure the fiery trial of their faith and win each of them its separate crown.

When everything was discussed, and each had learned the lesson of what he must do that day, Foy asked if Adrian was to be told of the scheme. To this his father answered hastily that the less it was spoken of the better, therefore he proposed to tell Adrian late that night only, when he could make up his mind whether he would accompany them or stay in Leyden.

"Then he shan't go out to-night, and will come with us as far as the ship only if I can manage it," muttered Martin beneath his breath, but aloud he said nothing. Somehow it did not seem to him to be worth while to make trouble about it, for he knew that if he did his mistress and Foy, who believed so heartily in Adrian, would be angry.

"Father and mother," said Foy again, "while we are gathered here there is something I wish to say to you."

"What is it, son?" asked Dirk.

"Yesterday I became affianced to Elsa Brant, and we wish to ask your consent and blessing."

"That will be gladly given, son, for I think this very good news. Bring her here, Foy," answered Dirk.

But although in his hurry Foy did not notice it, his mother said nothing. She liked Elsa well indeed—who would not?—but oh! this brought them a step nearer to that accursed treasure, the treasure which from generation to generation had been hoarded up that it might be a doom to men. If Foy were affianced to Elsa, it was his inheritance as well as hers, for those trusts of Hendrik Brant's will were to Lysbeth things unreal and visionary, and its curse would fall upon him as well as upon her. Moreover it might be said that he was marrying her to win the wealth.

"This betrothal does not please you; you are sad, wife," said Dirk, looking at her quickly.

"Yes, husband, for now I think that we shall never get out of Leyden. I pray that Adrian may not hear of it, that is all."

"Why, what has he to do with the matter?"

"Only that he is madly in love with the girl. Have you not seen it? And—you know his temper."

"Adrian, Adrian, always Adrian," answered Dirk impatiently. "Well, it is a very fitting match, for if she has a great fortune hidden somewhere in a swamp, which in fact she has not, since the bulk of it is bequeathed to me to be used for certain purposes; he has, or will have, moneys also safe at interest in England. Hark! here they come, so, wife, put on a pleasant face; they will think it unlucky if you do not smile."

As he spoke Foy re-entered the room, leading Elsa by the hand, and she looked as sweet a maid as ever the sun shone on. So they told their story, and kneeling down before Dirk, received his blessing in the old fashion, and very glad were they in the after years to remember that it had been so received. Then they turned to Lysbeth, and she also lifted up her hand to bless them, but ere ever it touched their heads, do what she would to check it, a cry forced its way to her lips, and she said:

"Oh! children, doubtless you love each other well, but is this a time for marrying and giving in marriage?"

"My own words, my very words," exclaimed Elsa, springing to her feet and turning pale.

Foy looked vexed. Then recovering himself and trying to smile, he said:

"And I give them the same answer—that two are better than one; moreover, this is a betrothal, not a marriage."

"Ay," muttered Martin behind, thinking aloud after his fashion, "betrothal is one thing and marriage another," but low as he spoke Elsa overheard him.

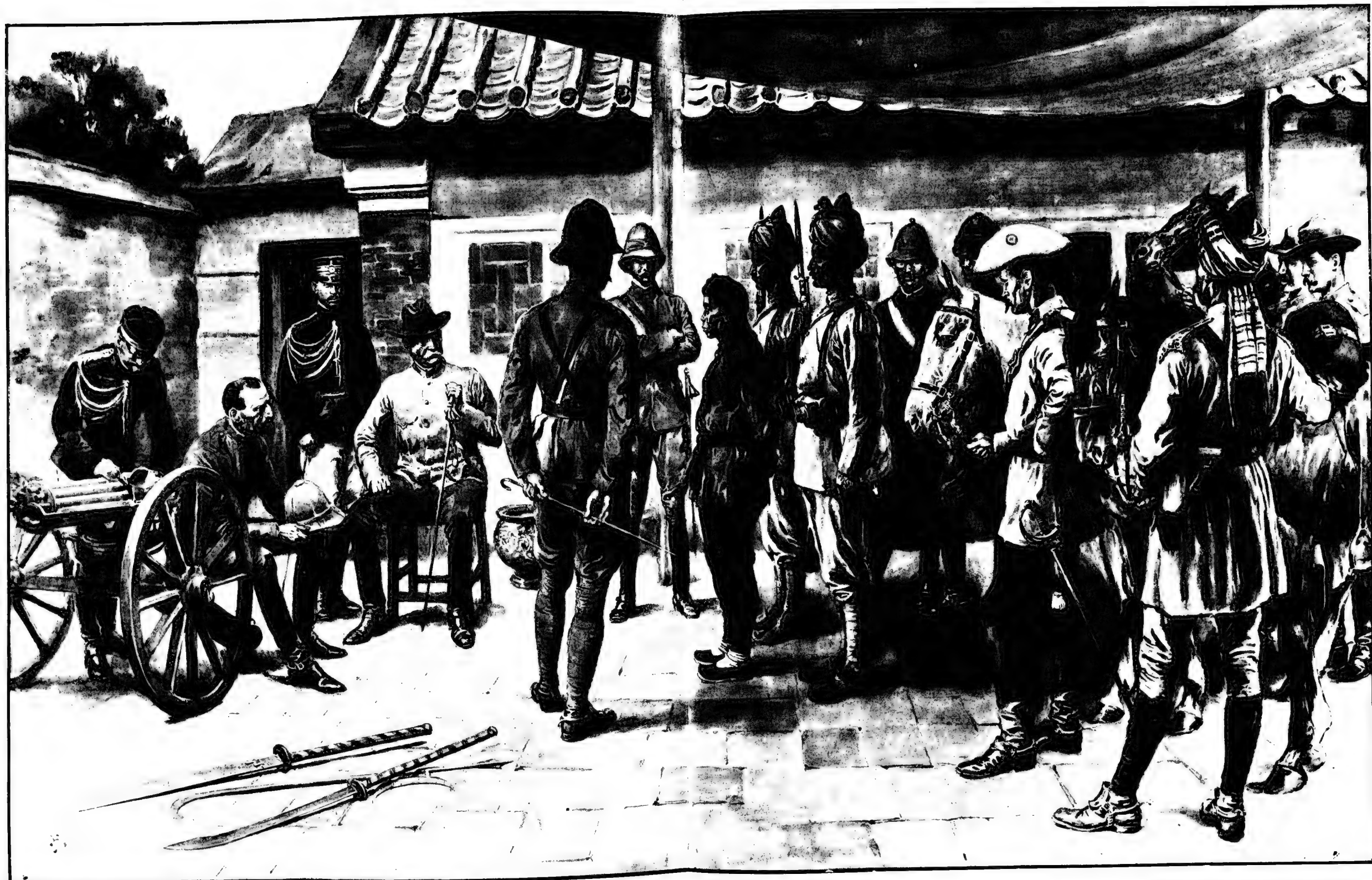
"Your mother is upset," broke in Dirk, "and you can guess why, so do not disturb her more at present. Let us to our businesses, you and Martin to the factory to make arrangements there as I have told you, and I, after I have seen the captain, to whatever God shall call me to do. So, till we meet again, farewell, my son—and daughter," he added, smiling at Elsa.

They left the room, but as Martin was following them, Lysbeth called him back.

"Go armed to the factory, Martin," she said, "and see that your young master wears that steel shirt beneath his jerkin."

Martin nodded and went.

(To be continued)



FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, ERIC WHITING

TRADE BY L. J. P. 1900, R.L.

WITH THE ALLIES IN PEKING: EXAMINING A BOXER LEADER AFTER A SUCCESSFUL PUNITIVE EXPEDITION

Our Christmas Bookshelf

THIS year Mr. Henty takes for the groundwork of his plot that romantic episode in history, the liberation of Italy by Garibaldi. The father of Frank Percival, the hero of "Out with Garibaldi" (Blackie), had fought with Garibaldi at the siege of Rome. After having lived in England for some years, he returns to Italy in search of his father-in-law, and is secretly imprisoned by the Neapolitans. A few years later Frank Percival is summoned suddenly from school, and sets out for Italy with the twofold object of assisting Garibaldi in his projected rising and of finding his father and grandfather. As a lieutenant on the leader's staff he takes prominent part in the war, and finally succeeds in rescuing his relatives. It is a stirring tale crammed full of hard fighting, gallant rescues and narrow escapes. The book is capitally illustrated by W. Rainey.

In "Charge" (Chambers), by G. Manville Fenn, we have a story of more recent times, the scene being laid in one of the Boer States in the early part of the war. School-boys, as we all know, are intensely patriotic, and will follow with keen interest the exciting career of Val Moray, the eighteen-year-old son of a British settler in South Africa. Boss Val, as he is called by Joeboy, his faithful black servant, is commandeered by a renegade Irishman, a captain in the Boer army. He escapes, and with the assistance of the resourceful black, who is almost as great a hero as his master, crosses Echo Nek and joins the Light Horse. After some severe fighting, during which he saves the life of his colonel, he and his troop are besieged in a small fort, from which, when the pangs of hunger begin to be felt, he sallies out, and with his friend Denham and the ubiquitous Joeboy cuts out a Boer convoy from under the nose of the enemy. He subsequently takes his original captor prisoner, and is in turn captured himself, escapes, discovers a gold mine—in fact, his adventures are so numerous and so thrilling that the most unemotional school-boy in existence cannot fail to be stirred up by their telling.

Another African story is "Buller's Horse: A Tale of the Zulu War" (Nelson), by William Johnston, a writer who is well known to most boys as the author of "Tom Graham, V.C." The story opens with a lion hunt in the north of England, when William Fraser, a young school-master, and one of his pupils, Tom Wilson, give chase to and killed an escaped lion. After leaving the school he passes through many vicissitudes in London, finally enlists in the 24th Regiment and sails for South Africa. Naturally



HETTY VISITS THE IROQUOIS CHIEF

From the New Edition of Fenimore Cooper's "The Deerslayer." Illustrated by H. M. Brock. (Macmillan and Co.)

enough he comes across many of his old school friends and pupils, and with them meets with most exciting adventures. Interest is kept up from cover to cover, and the volume is well illustrated by George Soper.

BOOKS FOR GIRLS

"A Newnham Friendship" (Blackie), by Alice Stronach, gives one a very realistic idea, we should imagine, of the life of lady undergraduates at one of our Universities. The girls are very much in earnest, and talk of their studies and their books with an enthusiasm that is only equalled by a medical student in his first term. They form political debates, talk a sort of college slang, play hockey, and finally take their degrees with honour to themselves and the lasting disgrace of their male rivals. The story is well told, and is not without a certain quiet humour.

"The Fortunes of Peggy Treherne" (National Society), by Alice Lyster, is a well-told, pleasing little story of a workhouse orphan, who, going into the service of a charming old maid and her brother, makes herself beloved by a brightness and unselfish devotion. She is discovered by a rich uncle, who educates her and makes her a "fine lady." She passes through many trials, out of all of which, owing to noble character, and love of truth and honesty, she emerges triumphant, and finally disposes of her heart to her first master.

"AMERICANS"

Again this season Mr. C. Dana Gibson has published an elaborate folio of his sketches of American types. They show the same bold freedom of line, the same statuesque young men and maidens, and make a splendid gallery of Transatlantic society types. Not that Mr. Gibson is only an artist of beauty. If he is kind to young America he is merciless to old America. He has a way of making old age cruelly ridiculous or cruelly pathetic, and one wonders at times whether it is the fate of all his stately young people to grow old in as unattractive a manner as, say, Mr. Pip, or the stout mother who figures so largely and so often in these pages. The majority of the pictures tell little stories, some pathetic, some humorous, while one and all show that Mr. Gibson has lost no whit of his skill in depicting smart American society. The volume is published by John Lane.

"THE DEERSLAYER"

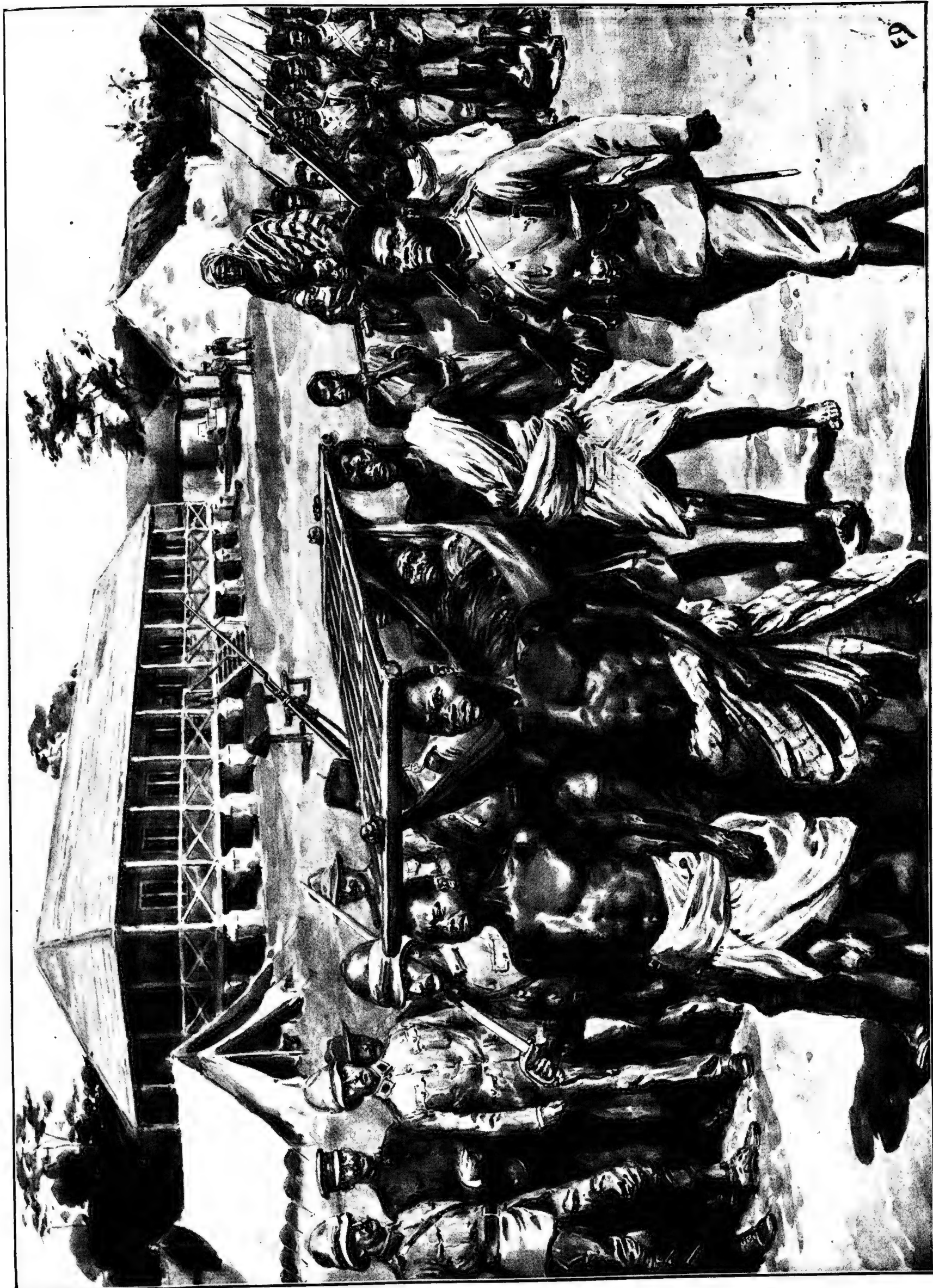
Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have added an illustrated edition of Fenimore Cooper's famous tales of the noble red man to their Standard Novels, and we reproduce one of Mr. H. M. Brock's clever drawings to "The Deerslayer."



"Shall it be what she is accustomed to or the best he can afford?"

THE SUPPER

From "Americans," drawn by C. Dana Gibson. (John Lane.)



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.
A Correspondent writes:—"On the morning of September 23 a column was sent out to capture the old Queen of Ebusu and the King of Ashanti. Both are rebels and will be either confined for life, or hanged—most probably the former, as both are very old. It is said that the old King suggested 'sniping' the white men when on their way from Prashu. The King and Queen were brought in the evening—the King borne in a hammock by four sturdy natives, while four others carried the old Queen on an ambulance chair."

THE TROUBLE IN ASHANTI: A CAPTURED KING AND QUEEN BEING BROUGHT INTO KUMASSI

FROM A SKETCH BY SURGEON-MAJOR J. A. RAYE

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

TWOPENNY-TUBISM threatens to be somewhat tiresome, and it by no means follows because one direct line has proved to be a great success with the public, that a multiplication of such lines with branches thereto should turn out to be equally satisfactory. I am inclined to think the difficulty will come in when they make lines with branches and tracks crossing one another. Let us hope these will never be constructed. If lines have to cross one another it is to be trusted they may be carried over or under, so that the lines could never by any chance interfere with each other. An ordinary railway smash is disastrous enough, but a collision in a tube would be terrible. I once likened tube-passengers to human bullets in a monster gun. In the case of a collision they would probably occupy the position of a bullet in a burst rifle. It is to be hoped everyone has enjoyed a hearty laugh over the madly humorous conjugation of the verb "Tu be" in a recent number of *Punch*. There is much wholesome truth concealed beneath the jocosity of the lines. But be that as it may, the schemes for such railways are innumerable, and we may eventually find all people who are in a hurry in London will travel underground, and the open streets, with their air, sunshine, and daylight, will be left to the lazy and the leisured, along with those who are twopenceless. One of the most sensible ideas on the subject of traffic appeared the other day in the columns of the *Daily Express*, I think. It was to the effect that all goods traffic should be sent underground. This is an admirable suggestion, for, as it has been aforetime pointed out in this column, most of the interference with traffic is brought about by the using of public thoroughfares as private yards and the slow pace at which heavy merchandise has to be transported.

Twopenny-tubism is tiresome, however, over and above the plans of engineers and the schemes of speculators. Everybody seems to have his own idea of a twopenny-tube, and everyone wishes either to run it under your house or to convert your dining-room into a station and your kitchen into a lift. Thus it comes to pass that they send their agents round, frequently without showing any authority whatever, who ask you questions about your lease and your landlord, and take up your time with frivolous chatter. One friend of mine absolutely declines to see these people, another refers them to his solicitor, with the information that he will charge for the interview, a third sees the agent and informs him that a fee of five guineas must be paid before the particulars requested are furnished. Either of these plans seem to me to be well calculated to prevent a repetition of the visit. We know that an Englishman's house has long ceased to be his castle—it is now generally a place sacrificed to the experiments of somebody it does not belong to—but it is certainly a little too bad that respectable, law-abiding citizens should be taken away from their legitimate occupations to be questioned concerning plans which very often never arrive at maturity. While on the subject I should like to ask who first hit upon the excellent title of the "Twopenny-Tube"? The authors of our most appropriate titles and most popular sayings are unknown, while we attribute sayings and phrases that were in general use in the days of our grandfathers to the writers of the present hour.

Sir Frederick Bramwell's ingenious notion for first-floor shops—after the fashion of the Rows of Chester—I fear will break down on the question of lighting. The London shopkeeper is averse to anything that keeps daylight out of his shop, and seeing the many murky days we experience in the winter, one can scarcely be inclined to blame him. It is probably for this reason that arcades, colonnades, and covered footways have never been popular in London. The eastern end of Regent Street, formerly called the Quadrant, when first built by John Nash, the favourite architect of George IV., had a lofty colonnade on both sides of the street, but this was eventually demolished on account of its keeping the light out of the shop windows. Nash has been a good deal sneered at, but he certainly understood the art of building houses in proportion to the width of the street. At one time there was scarcely any thoroughfare so well proportioned or so full of daylight as Regent Street. It is, however, being very much spoiled by the erection of modern gigantic buildings entirely out of harmony with the original design.

By the way, talking of gigantic buildings, there is a rumour that an American syndicate is about to erect one of those enormous "sky-scrapers"—that is to say, a building of about twenty or thirty floors, hard by Trafalgar Square. It is sincerely to be hoped that there is no truth whatever in this report. Already has the health of London been endangered by the erection of buildings altogether disproportionate to the area in which they stand: the height of unreason in this direction has already been reached—in many instances it has been exceeded—and any attempt at erecting "sky-scrapers" should be at once firmly and conclusively nipped in the bud. Not a few marvellous improvements have been effected in the London streets of late years. All these will be absolutely ruined if the erection of "sky-scrapers" or anything approaching thereto is for a moment permitted.

Another improvement is, I see, suggested, that is the roofing of the streets and sidewalks with glass. This suggestion, however, is by no means new. It was made in the columns of *The Graphic* more than twenty-five years ago. It was there said:—"London, which is the rainiest capital in the world, has no place where its population can go for temporary shelter, unless it be into a shop or tavern. In both cases this generally costs money. What we want is a free shelter that shall be open to the public, that shall be a part of the public highway and under the supervision of the police." This is exactly what we require to-day, and with all our progress and improvement I cannot see that we are better off in this respect than we were a quarter of a century ago.

The Royal and Antient Game

ALTHOUGH golf has become an almost universal pastime within the last few years it is well known that the game has been played in Scotland for considerably more than a century. The Honourable the Edinburgh Company of Golfers dates back to 1744, the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews to 1754, and the Royal Musselburgh Golf Club to 1774. But there is a golf club south of the Tweed which claims to have more ancient records than any of the Scottish clubs. The Royal Blackheath Golf Club was instituted in 1608, and was until quite recent times one of the very few golf clubs in England. Even as late as 1879 there were only seventeen golf clubs out of Scotland. Thirty years ago the golfers on Blackheath, with their red coats, were regarded by the schoolboys and young men in the neighbourhood as old buffers who were too old for cricket, and golf was looked upon with something akin to contempt. The men who played and the caddies with red flags, who had the appearance of warning the passer by of the approach of a traction engine, were curiosities in the eyes of all young people. How different is the view taken of golf to-day. Everyone plays, and clubs multiply all over the country. According to the *Golfing Annual* there are in England, Wales and Ireland 912 clubs. Not only so, but the game has spread to the Colonies, the United States, and India, and the total number of golf clubs spread over the world cannot be far short of 2,000. The game is played, too, with a zest and keenness amounting almost to a craze, and the golfer of a century back would require a long handicap from a crack player of to-day.

More Books on the War

THE "TIMES" HISTORY OF THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.
VOLUME I.

THE publication at the present moment of the first volume of the *Times History of the Campaign* comes particularly opportunely in mind the wave of war literature with which we have been inundated, but here we have the first serious attempt to tell the story from the historical standpoint and also by far the most interesting, able, and lucid account of the protracted negotiations which preceded the outbreak of hostilities. Except for a brief introductory sketch of the story of the Transvaal, the whole of this bulky volume is devoted to the story of the dealings of President Kruger with the country, and it is hard to see how any fair-minded person can read the tale without condemning the man who has brought his country to such ruin. Now that the war is nearly over people are only too ready to forget how it was provoked and to give themselves up to pitying the sorely deceived and sorely tried Boers, wherefore it is just as well that an admirable and admirably clear statement should be given of the patient manner in which negotiations were conducted. Many people have said that Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Alfred Milner's despatches were irritating and provocative in tone. One is inclined to agree with Mr. Amery, though, when he says that those who make the complaint cannot have carefully studied them and compared them with those of the Transvaal Government. "It is true," he admits, "the

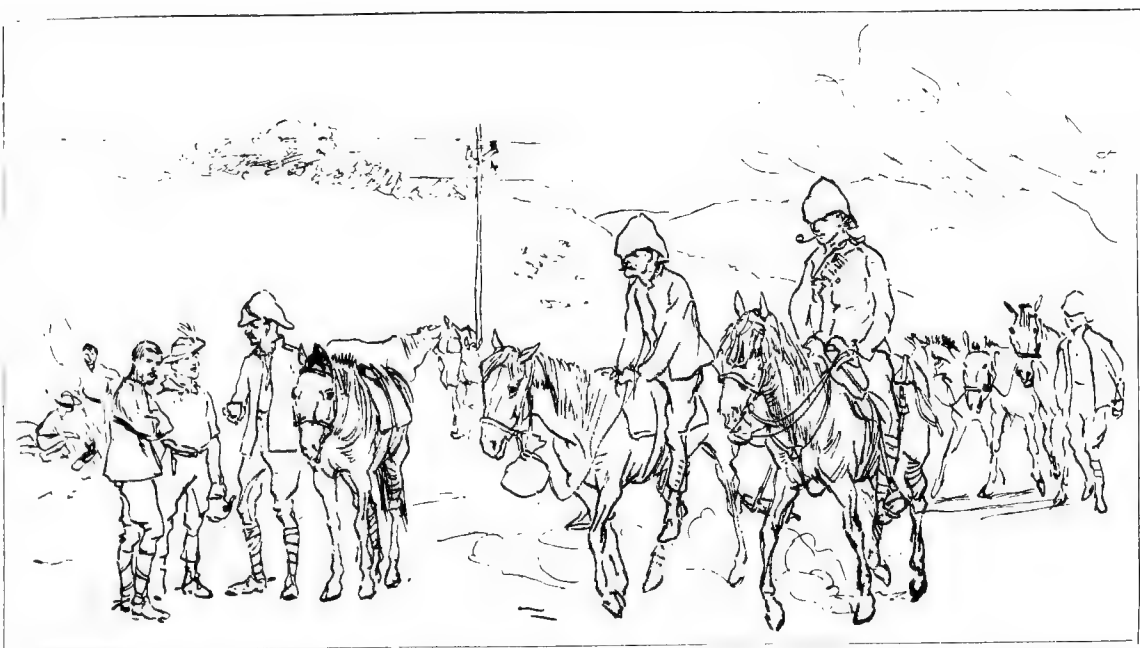


PAINTED BY L. F. ABBOTT, 1790

ENGRAVED BY V. GREEN, MEZZOTINT ENGRAVER TO HIS MAJESTY AND THE ELECTOR PALATINE

TO THE SOCIETY OF GOLFERS AT BLACKHEATH

THIS PLATE IS WITH GREAT RESPECT DEDICATED BY THEIR MOST HUMBLE SERVANT, LEMUEL FRANCIS ABBOTT



The Composite Regiment of Household Cavalry, which had been serving with Colonel Broadwood near Rustenburg, on leaving the Brigade to go home, handed over all sound horses to the other cavalry regiments of the same Brigade, and brought down the sick horses to the camp at Nitral's Nek. They came straggling through in twos and threes to camp

OFF HOME: HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY ON THEIR WAY TO PRETORIA



A Correspondent writes:—"A patrol, after failing to cut off a party of Boers from the distant hills, began firing from a little kraal, but the range was too long to be telling, and we were ordered to rejoin the column. One of the troopers, aided by his mate, succeeded in securing a couple of pigs"

WITH GENERAL RIDLEY NEAR RUSTENBURG: A SKIRMISH NEAR SCORESPOORT



The men here shown are Volunteers of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. They are getting on board the steam traction train on their way to Pretoria. At the rear of the train may be seen some Boer prisoners, guarded by men with fixed bayonets

HIGHLANDERS ENTRAINING AT NITRAL'S NEK
SKETCHES FROM THE FRONT IN SOUTH AFRICA

DRAWN BY COLLISON MORLEY

both Mr. Chamberlain and Sir A. Milner have the dangerous gift of epigram," but they never compared their opponents to baboons and tortoises, or called them thieves and murderers, and studied moderation was usually the keynote of their writings. The volume is a compilation of the work of many writers, but all is ably welded together and bears the impress of one personality, and this that of a man who believes whole-heartedly that the policy pursued by the British Government has been politically and morally justifiable, and that much of the evil of the present situation had its seeds sown in the "pusillanimous, faithless and dishonest" capitulation after Majuba. Impartial one would not call it, if to be impartial is to be without strong views, but whatever it loses on this count it gains in vivid interest. Many very noteworthy matters stand out in these pages, but one and all show again the game which Kruger was playing, as, for instance, in 1887, when questions arose with the Free State, and when the latter wished to discuss things from a simple, straightforward point of view, Kruger and his advisers would subordinate everything to high politics. Kruger did not want railway communication with the Cape but with Delagoa Bay. So far from wanting English trade he looked upon it as ruin. To get to the sea was his one aim, convinced that once the Transvaal had a harbour it could get into touch with foreign nations, and foreign Powers could intervene. Very fully, very clearly, and in an enthralling manner is the whole question of the dispute with the Uitlanders set out—those Uitlanders whom he posed as not wanting, but who in reality had been the salvation of his country and the all-important means, as he was quite clever enough to see, of providing him with means to further his schemes. He liked to describe them as an unstable quantity, here to-day and gone to-morrow, but it is a significant fact that the land itself, not only in Johannesburg, but throughout the Transvaal, had largely passed into English hands, a pretty sure evidence of permanent occupation. Before the outbreak of the war the Uitlanders owned about two-fifths of the private land of the country. One of the most interesting of all the chapters in the book is that dealing with the famous Bloemfontein Conference, and very well brought out are the characters of the two men who met and had a battle of wills, the one shifty and trying to wander off into discussions on side issues and anxious to drive a bargain, the other firmly sticking to the point, and equally firm that the time had come for something to be yielded without considering any question of a *quid pro quo*. Remembering now how the war was begun one cannot help being struck by this remark of the President at the Congress to Sir Alfred Milner: "We follow out what God says—'Accursed be he that removeth his neighbour's landmark,' and as long as your Excellency lives you will see that we shall never be the attacking party on another man's land." If succeeding volumes are as ably produced as this, the first, "The Times History of the War" will be an invaluable and indeed an indispensable record of the campaign. ("The Times History of the War in South Africa, 1899-1900." Edited by L. Amery. With many Photogravures and other Portraits, Maps and Battle Plans. Vol. I. Sampson Low, Marston and Co.)

"THE HISTORY OF THE BOER WAR"

Mr. F. H. E. Cunliffe, in his history of the war, the first volume of which is published by Messrs. Methuen, does not enter into the question of the preliminaries to the outbreak, but plunges at once in *medias res* with an account of the invasion of Natal. The present volume brings the story up to the relief of Ladysmith, and is a well-told, capitally illustrated popular account of the campaign. The illustrations are exceptionally good, while those who want a clear narrative of the incidents of the war, unmixed with politics, will find this well-printed, handsome volume entirely satisfactory.

"THE STORY OF MY CAPTIVITY DURING THE TRANSVAAL WAR"

Mr. Adrian Hofmeyr, the author of this little book, is a loyal Afrikaner who thought that the Transvaal ought to have conceded a five-years' franchise. He is also an ardent admirer of the genuine Boer, but he thinks he will be better off under British rule. When war broke out Mr. Hofmeyr was at Lobatsi, fifty miles north of Mafeking, and was acting as correspondent to the *Times* and the *Cape Times*. As might have been anticipated, the Boers looked on him with no favour, and almost at the outset of the war they had an opportunity of showing what they thought of a man who dared to remain loyal and added to this crime that of being an English correspondent. They took him prisoner, threatened to shoot him, but of course merely kept him in captivity at Pretoria and elsewhere. Mr. Hofmeyr's picture of life among the captured officers at Pretoria is picturesque and also valuable, while so far from giving any word of support to the calumnies about their conduct, he makes short work of all such statements. The writer has a rambling and rather hysterical manner of delivering himself of opinions and experiences, and yet one has not before come across any such unassuming and telling narrative of life among the idle army in captivity. ("The Story of My Captivity during the Transvaal War." By Adrian Hofmeyr. Edward Arnold).

"CAMPAIGN PICTURES"

Australia gave us men to help to fight our battles and it also gave us men to describe how they fought. Prominent among those who have made reputations by their vivid descriptions of scenes on the veldt is Mr. A. G. Hales, who has here republished a volume of those vivid letters from the front which he contributed to the *Daily News*. One may occasionally cavil at the writer's attitude, but about the vividness and power of his descriptions there can be no question. Mr. Hales complains that some of his sentiments have been considered "anti-English," but no one who reads his book carefully will consider them so. His outspokenness at times may have given offence, but not one of those who came in the contingent from his country to fight the Boers, we may safely say, was more loyally inclined than the author of "Australia's Appeal to England!" The volume is published by Cassell and Co.

"AN ABSENT-MINDED WAR"

"An Absent-Minded War" (Milne), by "A British Officer," is a wholesale indictment of the War Office, the Army Regulations, the system of training both officers and men, and also of the soldiers themselves and their leaders. The writer allows that the British soldier has not deteriorated either in courage or dash, but the men, he says, are deficient in skill and the officers in intelligence. Whilst admitting that "A British Officer" has a good deal of foundation for

his assertions, we cannot help thinking that his remarks are rather too scathing—in fact, that he has exaggerated the mismanagement of which he complains. In any case, what is wanted now are suggestions for improving the Army, and in this respect the author does not come forward to any great extent. Although it is evident that "A British Officer" has taken no part in the South African War, he has no hesitation in criticising in the severest manner his superior officers at the front, which, done as it is, and under a *nom de plume*, does not appear to us to be in the best of taste.

"HOW WE ESCAPED FROM PRETORIA"

When the account of the escape of Captain Haldane and Lieutenant Le Mesurier from Pretoria appeared in the Press, it was notified that certain facts, which could not be disclosed without endangering the lives and property of some patriotic individuals who had rendered them material assistance, had been kept back until the close of the war. The complete story, written by Captain Haldane under the title of "How We Escaped from Pretoria" (Blackwood), is now published in book form (having previously appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*). It is a well-written, well-illustrated little work, describing, perhaps, the most exciting and adventurous incident that has happened to any two individuals since the beginning of the war, and as it is sold at a shilling it comes within the reach of all.

BOOKS OF THE SEASON.—On Wednesday next *The Daily Graphic* will consist of thirty-two pages, and will include a sixteen-page supplement of reviews and illustrations of Christmas books suitable for presents at the festive season.

THE POPULATION OF FRANCE is certainly on the down grade. Against Germany's 55 million of souls France can only count 38 million, while the number of births last year is 10,000 below the average for the past decade.

"Place aux JAMES"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

THE Princess of Wales celebrated her birthday last week. All the Royal Family still preserve the pretty German practice of honouring birthdays, when the whole family assemble together, and friends abroad send greetings and love-tokens. These homely feasts are gradually dying out. Most people are too busy, too careless, or too selfish to keep alive the memory of days and festivals, the sign-posts on the road of life to mark the passage of our simple joys and sorrows. But at Sandringham the old customs still prevail, the tables set out with innumerable presents, each ticketed with the name of the donor, and the gathering of family and household with congratulations and offerings. The Princess is especially wise in her views. Though she receives many valuable things, she prefers that her children should give her home-made, not bought, articles, either needlework, paintings, leather-work, carving, embroidery, or some specimens of the innumerable charming handicrafts which the Princess herself loves to excel in. For the home-made present means thought and time, and the tender sympathy and love which lends value to the smallest gift.

Each Christmas our wants seem to increase. Nothing can compare with the unceasing energy of tradesmen in devising ever new articles of luxury and beauty. Even after all our desires of dress, trinkets, books and music are satisfied, there remain the hundred and one articles, unnecessary and delightful. Half the charm of an unexpected present lies in its unnecessaryness. It is a new element imported into our lives, a new pleasure, a new delight. The people who cater for our wants know this, and so we find all kinds of dainty toys got up charmingly for our acceptance. For instance, playing-cards having become the inevitable accompaniment of home

life, we have problem chess-boards, folding patience-tables, bécot, bridge and piquet boxes, in every shape, design and size; for the studios are provided artistic leather or embroidered silk reading covers, in order that our compromising French novels, our hideous yellow "A.B.C.'s" and railway guides may hide themselves discreetly under green silk or pale brown leather; out of solid silver cigarette cases spring unexpected surprises in the shape of stamp-boxes, match-boxes, and sovereign purses, whistles or compasses. There is no excuse for wanting anything from proverb work-cases to water albums, letter-openers, manicure-cases, luminous match-sheaths, tourists' writing-cases, packing-stands, and silver tobacco-jars. The shops cater for all sexes, all ages, all tastes.

The newest present for children is the miniature motor-car, out of which they will probably (if they do not break it almost immediately) extract as much pleasure as, in days of old, the little ones found in harnessing and unharnessing the brewer's dray with the two fat, dapple-grey horses. The simpler a child's toy is the better; their minds are not complex, and at one time or another the doll will be ripped open, the sawdust scattered, and the china face scored and polished with tears and kisses. Soldiers and everything military seem eternally popular with little boys. Alas! the voice to kill is almost the most often heard on childish lips, and how "dead it" constantly lisped by baby mouths who entertain no suspicion of the great enigmas of life and death.

The old friends and pupils of Miss Alma Murray, the well-known actress, are, I hear, thinking of giving her a testimonial. As one of our most thoughtful and refined of actresses, and the great and intelligent exponent of Browning's poetry and Shelley's *Cenci*, she ought to receive this mark of esteem. "In a Falcony," one of the finest and most dramatic of Robert Browning's poems, saw Miss Murray quite at her best; in this difficult piece she charmed the most critical of hearers with her perfect elocution. No common gift this, alas, as is often exemplified in the murdering by our young actresses of Shakespeare's and any other blank verse it is their misfortune to deliver. The English language is daily cut and clipped and mangled until the rich old tongue of Fuller, Goldsmith, and Johnson is rapidly becoming a mere memory.

I note that actresses seem to be more often commended for their temperament than for their art. Temperament, human weather, as it might be called, is very prominent nowadays. Self-restraint, so forcibly inculcated by our forefathers, is not modern. We indulge our moods, our fads, our crazes, our emotions, in a manner hitherto considered undignified. Even love has become a matter of moods. True love is scoffed at; only the inconstant score. To love till death is unnecessary, in fact roocco. In the course of a novel or a drama the heroine usually loves two or three men before she finds her ideal, and were it not for the inevitable limit of the novel or play she would probably find it necessary to love a dozen more. Consequently it comes as an agreeable change to find a volume of nameless love letters addressed to one person and written by a female. Very charming and refreshing are the outpourings of a cultured, modern woman, with trained emotions, humility of mind, and the most passionate of temperaments. A woman who writes to her lover, "I kiss you—how? as if it were for the first time or the last time? No, but for all time."

War brings with it much suffering, and not the least of its sufferings are those of the women left behind. Not only the young wives and children, to whom the sympathy of everyone goes, but also the old, the plain, the incapable of work, the sick, in short the mothers of the brave men fighting for their country. Mothers of men! What finer claim can a woman have on her compatriots? Yet the poor and humble mothers will suffer, must suffer, more and more as the war continues and those who helped and comforted them return not. The funds of the Soldiers and Sailors' Families' Association are flagging, people's means have been strained to the uttermost, money is failing, so the first economy is practised on the mothers; the tiny dole they have been receiving must be cut down, a dole on which those who are past work have almost entirely subsisted. It is a hard case, and seems only possible to be met by individual care and sympathy. Many are the sad cases brought to the knowledge of charitable ladies who are willing while unable to help.

Now that the roaming propensities of the Englishman are checked, now that maternal petitions for a trip abroad and youth miss begins to dream of a visit to Monte Carlo, while the hard-worked father turns gloomily in his chair and grumbles at tax-rents, and the Christmas bills, it would be well if some of us would remember that England has its favoured spots too. Devonshire, with its kindly peasantry, its famous apples and cream and pudding and pies, its fruits and flowers, its grand scenery and fresh, white-blown moors, offers innumerable charms to the visitor. It is only a few hours from London, and it is far cheaper than the Riviera. There are sunsets and moonlight and cloud effects to be studied, and there is air which gives you a wholesome appetite and sends you at the end of the day into a refreshing sleep, the untroubled, dreamless slumber of the weary child.

The first lady lawyer has appeared in Paris, and commences her career by defending a lady friend in a divorce case. Women at the Bar seem to open a new and strange vista of things. What will their briefs be marked, and how will they wear the wig and gown?

THE "DUNDEE ADVERTISER."—On January 16 the *Dun. Advertiser* will celebrate its centenary, and to commemorate the occasion a special number is being issued in which a very interesting historical illustrated sketch is given of the founding and development of the famous Liberal paper. Only two other papers in Scotland have existed for more than a century, and neither of these have had quite so remarkable a history as the *Dun. Advertiser*. In January, 1801, the only printing press in use was an old-fashioned hand press similar to the one used by Benjamin Franklin. A man and a boy by working hard could turn out 200 copies of the little eight-page, which in size was only 13½ by 10 inches, and appeared but weekly. Now the *Advertiser* is turned out daily, printed, folded, and with supplements gummed in at the rate of something like 24,000 copies an hour by Hoe machines. The number contains illustrations of the manner in which the paper is produced, and also of the principal buildings in Dundee, while even more interesting are the details about the different editors, concluding with a well-deserved tribute to Sir John Leng, M.P., under whose able guidance the paper entered upon its career of real prosperity, and attained its present power and influence.



Ivory cashmere lined with silk, and having a Marie Antoinette fichu of silk muslin. The gown is caught up on the right shoulder by an old silver buckle, and falls away to show an under-dress of pleated silk muslin. The fastening is concealed under the drapery on the left side. A double frill of silk muslin, with a narrow satin ribbon, edges the fichu and the dress, as well as the sleeves, which are rather full, and form a narrow cuff at the wrist.

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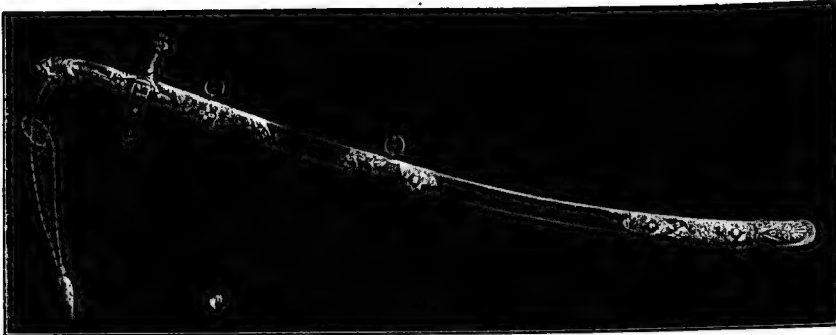
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Sir Redvers Buller visited Exeter to receive the freedom of the City and a sword of honour from the County. The sword was presented at Exeter Castle by Lord Clinton, Lord-Lieutenant of Devonshire. Our photograph is by J. R. Browning, Exeter

A DEVONSHIRE PRESENTATION TO SIR REDVERS BULLER

New Novels

"THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH"

MR. I. ZANGWILL'S "The Mantle of Elijah" (William Heinemann) not merely confirms and sustains, but very appreciably enhances, its author's reputation. There was a time when we feared his resemblance to a musician who could never get beyond the variations upon a single theme. He now shows himself as capable of dealing with the wide world outside the Ghetto as with the narrow world within it, and this with a lightness of touch that takes us altogether by surprise. Despite the title, there is nothing Hebraic in the subject of the novel; that one of the characters happens to have had a Jewish mother is, to all purposes, if not to all intents, an irrelevant accident. The plot is easily summarised. Allegra Marjorimont (to be pronounced Marshmont) is the daughter of a Cabinet Minister who, though a survival from the optimistic Liberalism of the fifties, had not ceased to be the Radical idol when the story opens at a much later time. Who is to be the Elisha to this Elijah of universal peace, progress, prosperity, and reform? He thinks he has found the wearer of his mantle in a certain Robert Broser, the Republican lion of provincial debating clubs and platforms, but already developing a magnetic masterfulness alone sufficient to give him a career. What is more to the purpose, the enthusiastic Allegra also sees in Broser, the prophet and apostle of a world which shall have rid itself of poverty and war. She, despite the horror of her family and friends, gives him her hand, believing her heart to be in it, and then comes the tragedy of disillusion. The man who has climbed into Parliament on her and her father's shoulders develops into an ambitious egotist, who sells principle after principle for some social or political step upwards, till he becomes to her what the monster became to Frankenstein. Mr. Zangwill's incisive remarks on politics, especially on the politics of to-day—not that he expresses them in his own person—will not be found of a calculatedly popular order. We need not say that they are none the less piquant and stimulating on that account. The infinitely varied portraiture is

admirable, from the Duchess of Dalesbury, overflowing with vulgarity, prejudice, kindness and mother wit, to the pessimist poet, crazed with vanity and envy—but enumeration would be long. The novel is certainly not without its message, but, even if that be missed, it will be found delightfully entertaining from beginning to end.

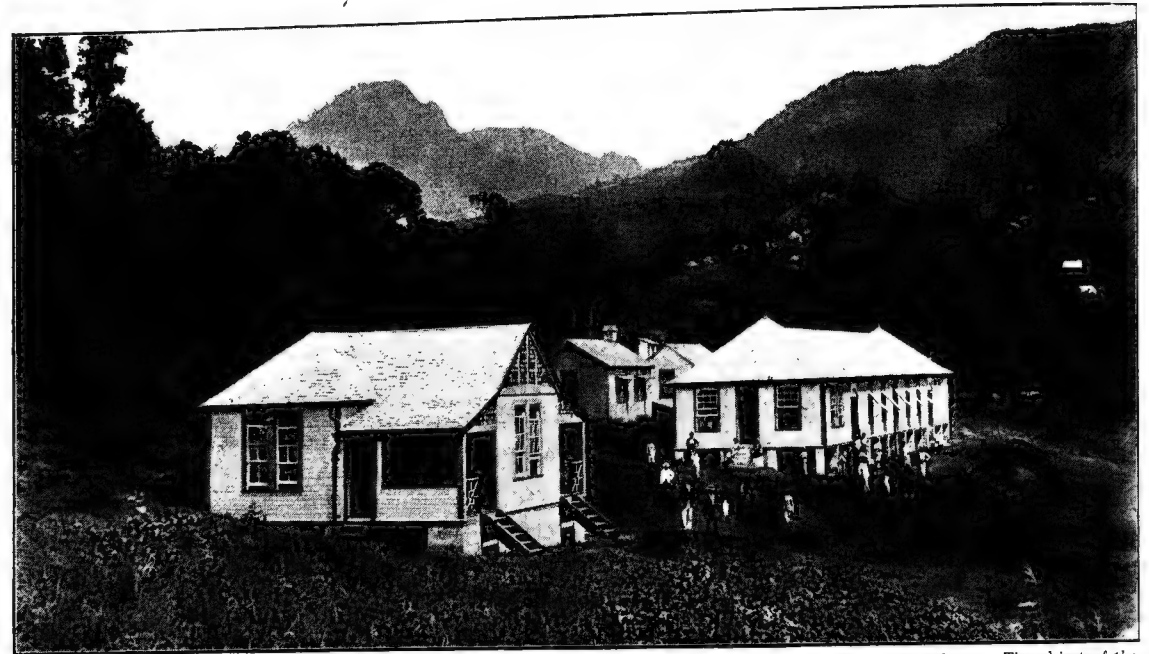
"MORRISON'S MACHINE"

The utmost heights and depths of tragedy are probably among the secrets of inventors—a race, for the most part, not given to wearing their hearts upon their sleeves, or turning the broken pieces into rhymes. Mr. J. S. Fletcher's new novel (Hutchinson and Co.) tells how one Richard Morrison, an employé in Wridsdale's works, Blackford, invented a machine "that would revolutionise"—what, we are not told; but that is not the story. Morrison happened to be one of the exceptional inventors who do wear their hearts outside—that is to say he made a confidant of his

employer, Wridsdale, who took advantage of the breakdown Morrison's overstrained brain to claim the invention, with profits, for his own. How sensationally the resulting great of *Wridsdale v. Cleaver* turned tragedy into justice is a lesson other Morrisons and Wridsdales for all time. The story is pathetic and exciting; and if the inevitable love business take a decidedly second place, that is because the real hero worked by steam.

"THE DEAN'S APRON"

It is always critically interesting to speculate on the process of collaboration in fiction. In the case of "The Dean's Apron" (Ward, Lock, and Co), from the united pens of C. T. Willis and Godfrey Burchett, we should not be surprised to learn that the author is responsible for the portions of more serious import, the other for the humours—which are mainly the exceedingly humours—of cathedral society in the city of Nunchester. The exercise themselves mainly at the expense of the Dean's charming young wife, who has committed the unpardonable sin of belonging to the little local circle into which the Cathedral expected to marry. Even her reputation is not spared. cordially trust that the situation is socially unique; otherwise trust that Deans in general are as well provided with as hearty and large-minded a stepmother as was Dr. Fle Nunchester, to put things right again. The story, which consists of talks, is decidedly entertaining.



An Agricultural School was recently opened at St. Vincent by the Governor of the Windward Islands, Sir Alfred Moloney. The object of the institution, which owed its inception to the Colonial Secretary, the Governor said, was to establish and promote agricultural education. And he held that the establishment of institutions of this sort for proper agricultural teaching was most important for the prosperity of these Islands. Our photograph is by J. C. Wilson, St. Vincent

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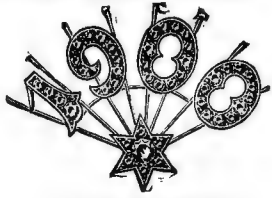


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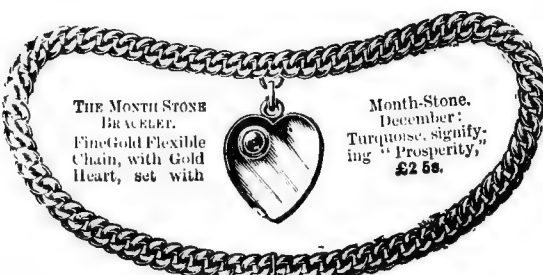
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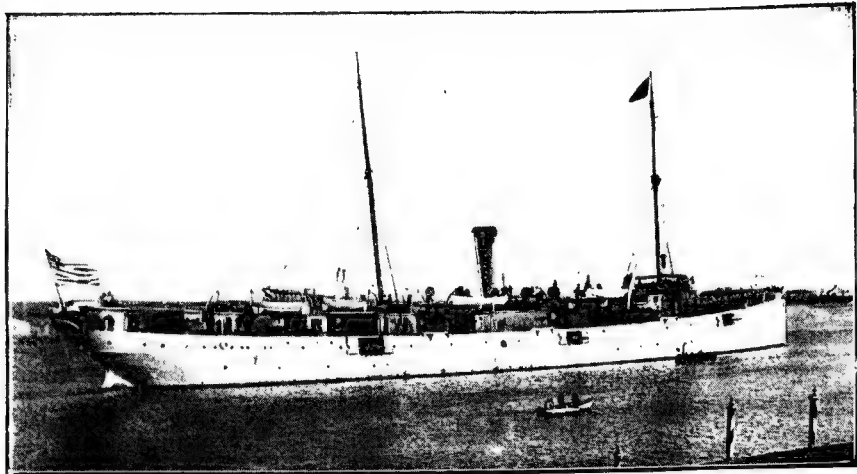
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The United States auxiliary cruiser *Yosemite* sank in a typhoon off the island of Guam on November 15. Five of her crew were drowned. The *Yosemite* was an iron cruiser of 6,179 tons displacement, speed sixteen knots an hour, and engines of 3,800 horse-power. Her main battery was armed with ten 5-inch rapid-fire guns, and her secondary battery with six 6-pounders and two Colts.

THE U.S. CRUISER "YOSEMITE," SUNK IN A TYPHOON

New Cooks for the Army

THE cricket fields of Eton may have won some big battles, but the saucepans are an equally important ingredient in soldiering.

A posse of white-capped "lady cooks" has been drafted into the American Army to raise the standard of military kitchens, and to instruct the Service Corps in the gentle craft of camp cookery.

This feminine invasion of the Army ranks is said to be an immense success, and the "lady cooks" announce that they mean to remain a military fixture. It has already been suggested to the War Office to follow suit and attach some cooking daughters to our British regiments.

All the soldiers home from South Africa would "vote solid" for this or any other scheme to improve Army cooking. For the British company cook is not a handy man with the saucepan. The rations in South Africa have for the most part been good and plentiful, barring a too frequent issue of mouldy biscuit and damaged flour. But the cookery and bread-making broke down completely, as they always do in a British campaign. The Australian and Canadian contingents very wisely elected to do their own field cooking, and baked most excellent batches of bread in iron pots heated with wood ash.

The British Army baker looked on in astonishment. This kind of impromptu veldt cookery was not included in his education. He had been taught to bake *à la* London barracks. The Colonial "cookies" and delectable damper were beyond him. Home-coming soldiers complain that their "cooks on the march" were as ready a danger as the Boer bullets. The camp dishes were not immediately fatal, but they got in their deadly work slowly and surely.

The Americans, like their British cousins, are not a nation of cooks, but they discovered in their late war, as we in our present one, that bad cooking entails a heavy toll of sickness.

"The lady cooks" have been evolved from a fertile brain, and Washington relies on them to rescue the Army from domestic chaos and bad cooking. An ailing soldier in the field rapidly becomes a seriously sick man when fed on marching rations. It is the province of the "lady cook" to teach the Service Corps how to convert the hated hardtack into a delightful dish known as "brown Betty." Minced bully beef becomes palatable and wholesome under skilful feminine fingers, and

desiccated apples are transformed into an excellent dessert dish, with a capital sauce—think of the luxury of sauce on the veldt, made from the common ingredients of a marching commissariat.

The Hindu cook is born to make banquets in the jungle. Give him a few sticks of wood and a gipsy saucepan, a hundred men from a food supply, and he evolves a six-course meal, as the conjuror evolves a mango tree, apparently from nothing. He does it in India, and he has been doing it in South Africa.

It would be an excellent idea to draw a cohort of cooks from India whenever the British Army goes out on active service. At present we make no provision in times of peace for cooking in time of war. We have no cooking code for modifying field rations into suitable food for sick and semi-sick men. The War Office does not even stipulate for an elementary knowledge of sick cookery on the part of its Army nurses. English-trained nurses are not taught to cook, and none of those sent out to South Africa on active service has even asked whether they could make a cup of beef tea. If a military nurse should be a past mistress in the making of broth and custards. Had this practical point entered the consciousness of the Pall Mall, the sick soldiers in South Africa would not have been "fed out of tins."



A large barque went ashore on the Slass Rocks, near the Lizard, and the lifeboat from Cadgwith went out under the conduct of a crew which included several volunteers, one of whom was the Rev. H. Vyvyan, who is the Vicar of Cadgwith. In spite of a very heavy sea they, with the assistance of the Lizard lifeboat, succeeded in rescuing the whole of the shipwrecked crew. The lifeboat in the foreground is the Cadgwith boat in the act of taking off the captain from the barque. On the left is the Lizard boat with four men on board. Our sketch is by C. M. Hart.

A PLUCKY RESCUE ON THE CORNISH COAST

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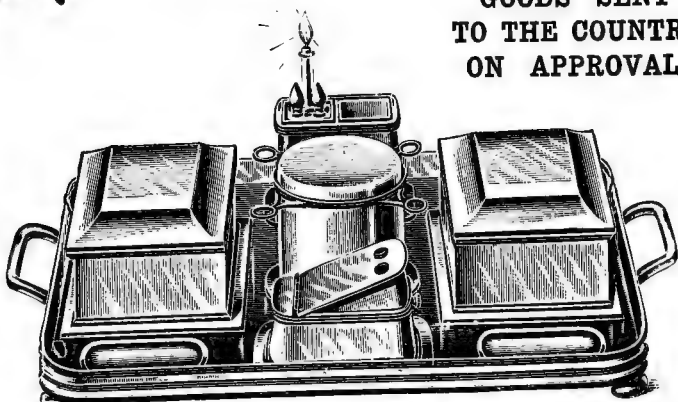
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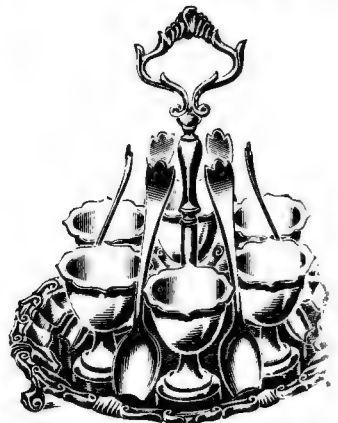
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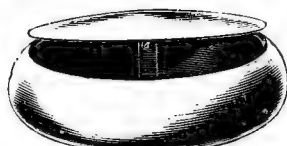
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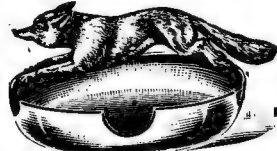
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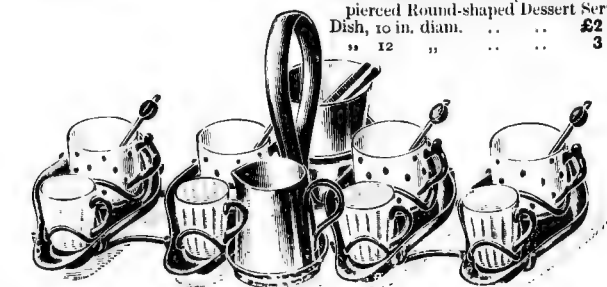


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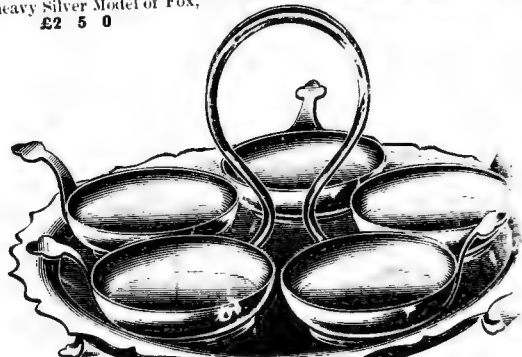
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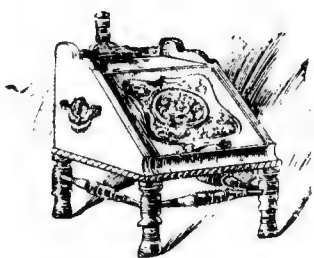


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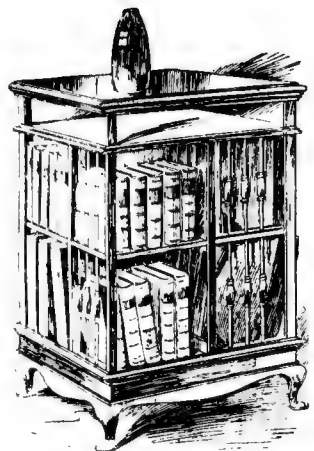
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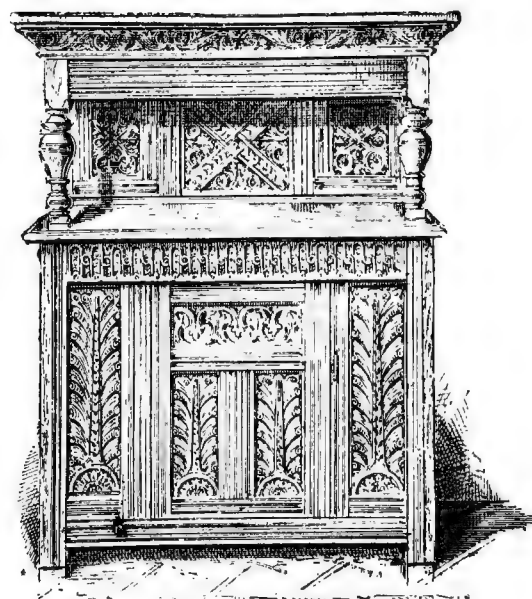
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THE steam yacht *Rhouma*, 1,000 tons, was placed at the beginning of the war at the disposal of the authorities as a hospital ship by the owner, Mr. George Bullough, of the Royal Thames Yacht Club. No fewer than 50 officers and 131 non-commissioned officers and men have passed through the hospital. The hurricane deck is fitted up as a ward, and even the private cabins have been given up to the patients. Needless to say, all those who have been in the hospital are unanimous in expressing their gratitude for the care and attention bestowed upon them on this beautiful vessel. Our photographs of Mr. Bullough and of the ward were taken specially for *The Graphic* by Mrs. Elise Watts. The photograph of the yacht is by Barnard, Cape Town.

Christmas Novelties

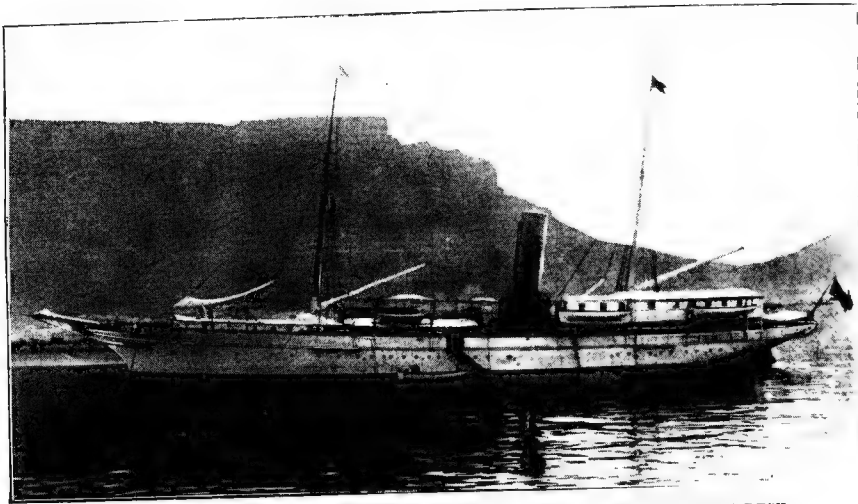
MESSRS HILLS AND CO. issue a large variety of Christmas cards, calendars, and booklets. There are patriotic cards in khaki, religious cards, Scotch and Irish cards—in fact, cards of every kind. Among the dainty booklets is one called "Salvator Mundi," with seven photogravure pictures after Raphael and Murillo—a charming present. The turn-over calendars with photogravures are very pretty. Quite apart from their artistic merit, Messrs. Hills's productions deserve special recognition as being all made in London.—From the Taber Bas-Relief Photographic Company we have received an assortment of their novel cards. These are bas-relief photographs. The cards are made in five sizes and are very varied in subject.



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A COMFORTABLE HOSPITAL SHIP

They are handsomely mounted and make pretty presents of preservation.—Messrs. Dean and Son issue a large assortment of toy books, varying in price from the modest penny upwards. "Untearable" books published by this firm are excellent. As for the toy books with their coloured pictures is enough to show they will be the delight of the fortunate children to whom they are given. A word of praise is also due to the box of card sets which are admirable.—We have also received from Messrs. May and Co. a selection of religious Christmas cards; and a card from the Society for the protection of birds, containing some very Norman Gale, with a photograph of birds from life.—Messrs. Walker and Co.'s diaries will be as popular as ever this year. The great merit they possess is that they are not only durable and but are at the same time very dainty. The bindings of the expensive are exquisite, and the back-loop principle of carrying a pencil is still adhered to in most of this firm's diaries. The diaries will suit the pockets of ladies or gentlemen, being in various sizes. A new diary issued this year is the "Quarterly," called because the four quarters are bound separately. Another production is the "Tablet Diary" for the writing-table. For paper and clear type Messrs. John Walker and Co.'s diaries are to beat. From Messrs. De La Rue and Co. we received an assortment of their well-known calendars. The "Portable," "Indelible," "Red Letter," and "Condensed" diaries are neat and useful, while the "Diamond" is a very dainty little book, little more than an inch square. One "Condensed" diary, bound in removable cover, is particularly well got up, there being a little paper knife shown in the cover as well as a pencil.

"A RING-BEARER" is now a prominent character at American weddings. Nervous bridegrooms often had so much trouble to produce the ring at the exact moment, keeping the ceremony waiting whilst they fumbled in every pocket, that some ingenious individual hit on the idea of entrusting the ring to some official. So a small boy, clad in Court costume, carries the important ring on a white satin cushion and stands by the best man.

TWO ROCKS.—'The bedrock of unflinching principle and the bedrock of illimitable COMMON SENSE.'—ROSEBERRY.

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Or, in other Words:

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'And such is human life, so gliding on, It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!'

MORAL.—'In Life's Play the Player of the Other Side is Hidden from us. We know that his Play is always Fair, Just, and Patient, but we also know to Our Cost that he Never Overlooks a Mistake. It's for you to find out WHY YOUR EARS ARE BOXED.'—HUXLEY.

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THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF LIVING—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine and other substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—frequently deranges the liver. We would advise all bilious people, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks; avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. Experience shows that porter, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies are all very apt to disagree with the liver, while light white wines, and gin or old whisky largely diluted with pure mineral water, will be found the least objectionable. **ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is PECULIARLY ADAPTED FOR ANY CONSTITUTION WEAKNESS OF THE LIVER;** it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed, and places the invalid on the right track to health. **A WORLD OF WOE IS AVOIDED** by those who keep and use **ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'** Therefore **NO FAMILY SHOULD EVER BE WITHOUT IT.**

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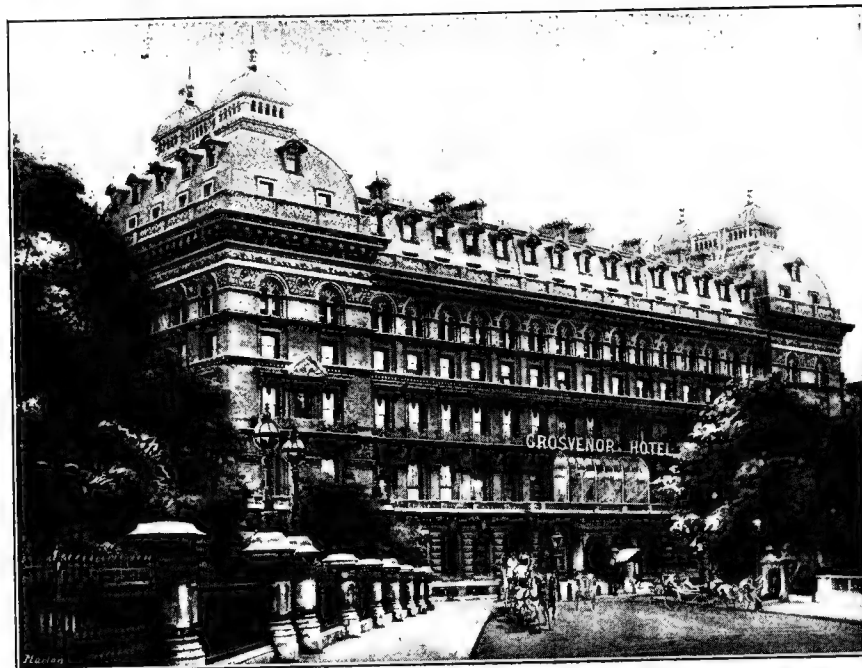


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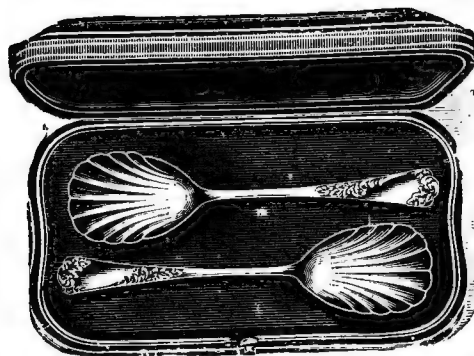


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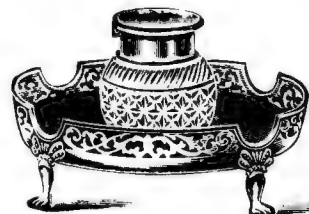
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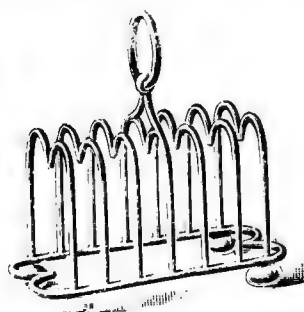
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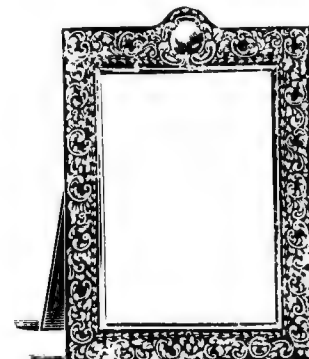
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Music

"EURYANTHE" AND OTHER OPERAS

WEBER'S *Euryanthe*, which was revived by the students of the Royal College of Music at Daly's Theatre, on Friday last week, seems to have been a genuine novelty to the greater number of the audience, who were astonished to discover a secret which was, of course, familiar enough to most travelled amateurs, namely, that this work, more than any other, had an enormous influence over the formation of the early style of Richard Wagner. Indeed, when *Louise* was being composed, Wagner obviously took many hints from *Euryanthe*. Otherwise the revival is little more than a historic curiosity. Frau Von Chézy's libretto, based upon the old legend on which Shakespeare's *Cymbeline* was founded, is so hopelessly absurd as to have driven the opera from the repertoire of every country but Germany. Even on Friday, at Daly's, it was deemed advisable to adopt an idea formed (and abandoned) by Weber himself, of interpolating a tableau in the midst of the overture, in order to explain one of the mysteries of the story. Much of the music, on the other hand, is simply charming. The love duets, the heroine's solo in the forest, and the two tenor cavatinas of Adolar the hero, together with the lovely "May" song and chorus at the opening of the last act, are veritable gems of the German melody of four score years ago. The young performers almost necessarily shone more as singers than as actors, but the representation on the whole was a very good one, especially on the part of the orchestra and chorus.

We have within the past month heard in London no fewer than four operas of great Continental reputation, but which were hitherto unfamiliar to Metropolitan audiences. The result indicates very plainly that the complaints which have been made of the apathy of opera directors, in not at once bringing to Covent Garden Continental productions much belauded in the foreign Press, are quite groundless. We from time to time hear in England the best of current foreign productions. Besides, *Euryanthe* at Daly's, Gounod's *Cinq Mars*, Spinelli's *A Basso Forte*, and Goldmark's *Cricket on the Hearth*, have all now been heard in the suburbs, and it is pretty obvious that none of them are suitable for Covent Garden.

No works have yet definitely been chosen for the next opera

season, although we learn there is every reason to hope that Massenet's *Le Cid* will be the principal production, with Mille Bréval in a leading part. It is also just possible that Dr. Stanford's opera on *Much Ado About Nothing*, with a new libretto by Mr. Julian Sturgis, the author who wrote the book of Sullivan's *Traviata*, may be heard in the course of the season, Mr. Bispham playing the principal part.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S COMPOSITIONS.

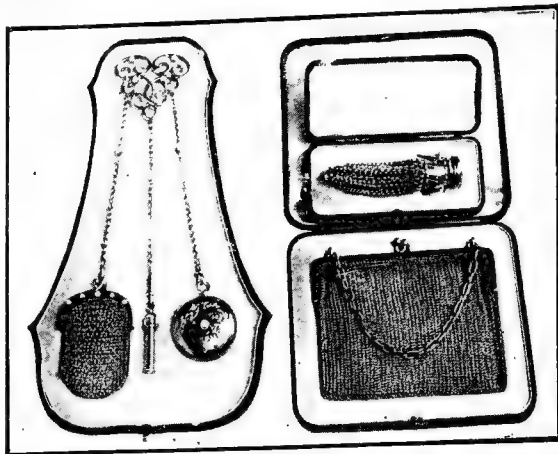
Sir Arthur Sullivan is now known to have left a completely finished *Te Deum* for soloist, chorus, and orchestra, specially written for the Service which will be held at St. Paul's Cathedral on the Proclamation of Peace. Sir Arthur also intended it for performance in churches in various parts of the country, and the

score was placed in the hands of the Cathedral authorities a month before his death. This, except as to a few songs, is his only finished "posthumous" composition. The new Irish opera, however, is complete, so far as the vocal parts are concerned, and, indeed, the first act had been placed in partial rehearsal at the Savoy before the composer's death. It is not yet decided who shall complete the orchestration, but Mr. Ernest Ford, who was pupil, and as his opera, *Jane Annie*, showed, a fervid disciple Sullivan, is generally named as the musician most likely to undertake the work. Mr. Spark, Hon. Sec. of the Leeds Festival, likewise expresses his belief that Sir Arthur had commenced and had made great progress with a Cantata for Leeds. It is also known that he had made some sketches for an opera upon an Australian bush-ranger subject, and likewise one upon an English legend, namely Robin Hood. These works are, however, probably in a very embryo state. In fact, with the exception of *Te Deum* and a few Irish opera, all of Sullivan's works may be said to have already been published.

MUSICAL NOTES AND NEWS

The concerts of the week have been numerous, but a brief résumé will suffice. Lady Hallé at the Popular Concert on Saturday took part in Brahms's Sextet in G, and also in Dvorak's Pianoforte Quintet, Op. 81, in which Mr. Leonard Borwick played. Lady Hallé has been induced to remain in London for the fortnight, so that she will take part in the remaining Popular Concerts before Christmas, after which the quartets will be led by M. Ysaye till the end of the season. The final St. James's Hall Ballad Concert of the year took place last week, the greater portion of the programme being devoted to the music of Sir Arthur Sullivan. Sullivan's works also played an important part in the programme. Messrs. Boosey's Ballad Concert on Saturday, Madame Clara Butt, among other things, giving a splendid delivery of "The Lo Chord."

Mr. Sims Reeves's "The Art of Singing," the book from which the lately deceased tenor taught his numerous pupils, has now been published by Messrs. Chappell and Co. This little shilling volume contains many valuable hints upon voice and style, and also three well-known songs, with Sims Reeves's marks of expression, namely, Mendelssohn's "If with all your hearts," Balfe's "Come Into the Garden, Maud," and Dibdin's "Tom Bowling."



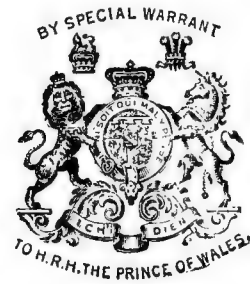
A Grand Floral Fête and Ball will be held at the Royal Palace Hotel, on December 13, in aid of the Charing Cross Hospital Special Appeal Fund, and three handsome prizes will be awarded for the three best ladies' dresses representing flowers. The prizes are supplied by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, Limited. The first prize is a solid gold chataleine, the second a massive solid gold mail chain bag, and the third prize a solid gold patent expanding chain purse.

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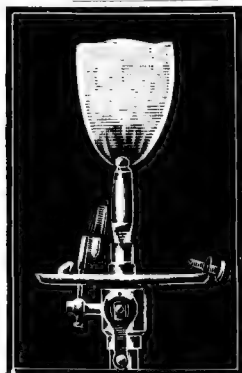


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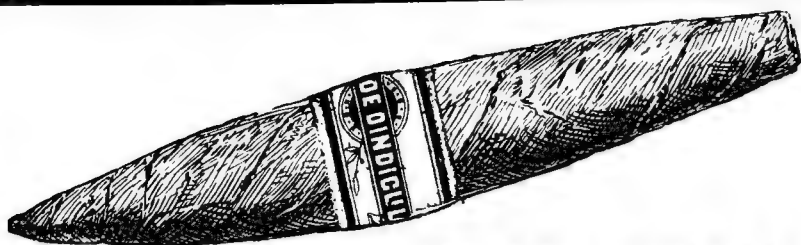
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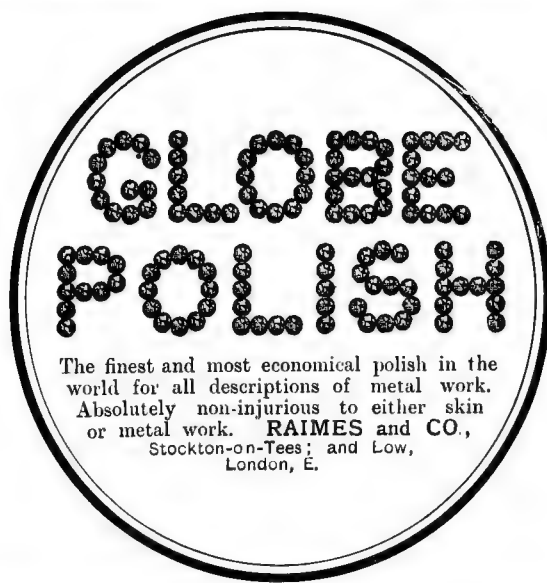
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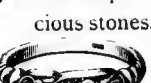
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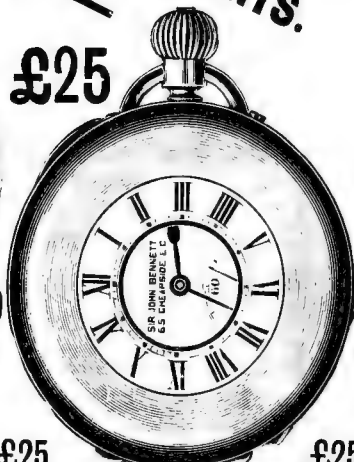
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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

NOVEMBER added a considerable rainfall to the total which the year is accumulating. It was very deficient in sunshine, but the temperature was not below the average. The health of live stock is very satisfactory, and though grumbling is universal among mortals, the bills of mortality refuse to endorse the complaints. The death rate has been very moderate all through the month. This should surely persuade Mr. Kruger to give up his struggle against the Anglo-Saxon race, for a people who flourish on cold, damp, and wet fog are, surely, destined to subdue the earth and possess it. The fields have come on well so far as wheat, tares, and autumn catch crops go. At the end of the summer there was plenty of warmth in the soil, but not enough moisture. October and November have remedied the defect. The meadows which at the end of October are frequently void of feed are still supporting cattle and sheep, so that farmers are saving money where they generally have to spend it. The month has been very favourable to tree planting, and it is still possible to put in young trees and shrubs to advantage. The root crops are now being secured, and of both swedes and mangolds we expect them to be considerably above the average. On the other hand, potatoes have often proved disap-

pointing. The yield of turnips is not very large, but it is up to a full average in all the principal districts.

RURAL EDUCATION

It is tolerably well known that the new Secretary of State for Agriculture is particularly keen on two subjects, the first of them rural education and the second dairy farming. The thesis which Mr. Hanbury has maintained for many years past, and which he referred to in his interesting speech at Preston the other day, is that the type of education required in a rural district is different from that requisite in urban parts. The present type is purely commercial, and its result is seen in the idea that a youth secures a better social position by going to work in the towns, whether as a clerk or as a skilled labourer, than he would enjoy if he remained in the shires. As a matter of plain fact this is an absurd error; the nobleman of good estate is, for the most part, on terms of cordiality and personal goodwill towards his bailiffs and gamekeepers such as do not prevail for a moment between the head of a commercial establishment or of a workshop and the employees therein. The School Board is, of course, the *finis et origo mali*, and it is difficult to see how Mr. Hanbury proposes to coerce a body which is supposed to have its mandate from the free electors. We are all getting to see that education is a matter of authority, and that the teaching given should look to the future career of those taught. But the ideas

which are obvious to the educated minority are generally both new and unpleasant to the masses. Would the latter part with their votes? It is very doubtful, to say the least of it.

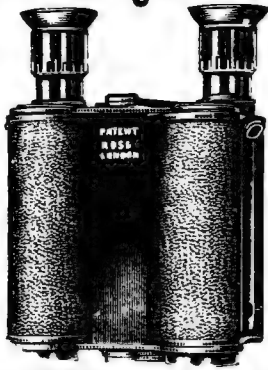
COUNTRY HOUSE GRATUITIES

That a certain vulgar and needless extravagance has been set up of recent years is not to be denied, but is not the essence of the present complaints to be found in the fact that guests of modest resources too often look to enjoy luxuries which must always remain costly in all their details? We have yet to learn that a visit at the best country house in the kingdom is costly if the guest be content with the beautiful place and park, with the house, entertainments, games and dances. Nor need he find a saunter with gun and dog extravagant. But if he expects shooting on the preparation of which an expert staff has been employed for a year, if he expects a dogcart and a saddle horse always at his disposal, we cannot profess surprise that one way or another these things cost money.

AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY

It is proposed by several of the leading makers of agricultural machinery to discontinue from June 1, 1901, the custom of allowing a discount to farmers for cash. The farmers of Worcestershire have held a meeting and pledged themselves not to buy of firms which make this change. The matter is unfortunate and looks as if it would end in 1901 in the placing of some few thousand extra

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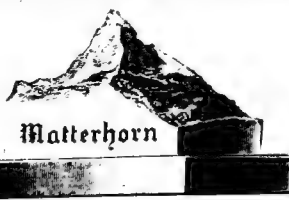
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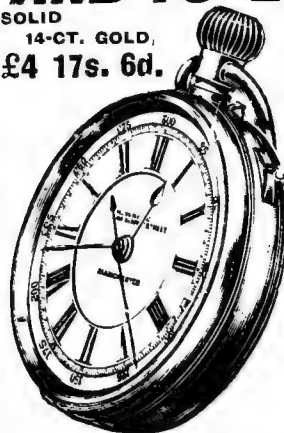
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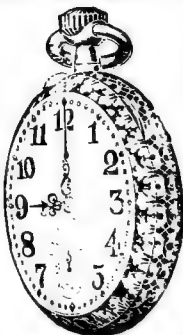
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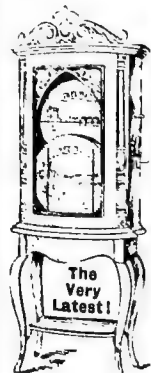
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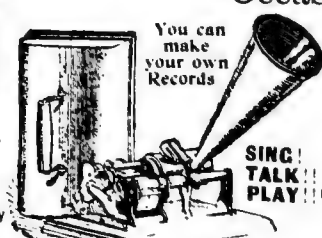
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orders in the United States. We cannot blame the machine makers, but the whole commercial system of credit requires to be overhauled. In the matter of tailoring it is surprising how many men who used to go to well-known houses have taken to cash places, and the reason is that a man of means gets to resent paying thirty shillings for a sovereign in order that an impecunious *clientèle* of the same tailor may be well dressed on credit. The like crisis occurs when the farmer who pays his way and can get discount is refused it in order to enable firms to accept orders from others who can only give the order if long credit is accorded. The best policy would be for the county agricultural societies to buy good machinery by tender for cash and sell again to their own members at a minimum profit.

AGRICULTURAL MINISTERS

The first name connected with this title is that of Mr. Arthur Young, who may be said to have organised English agriculture to face the war crisis which the ambition of Napoleon caused from 1795 to 1815. But Mr. Young, like Cowper, went mad over religion, and the Board of Agriculture dropped back into a section of the Home Office. Nothing was done till 1889, for the Free-

trade and Protection battle had not only to be got over, but the last flame in the ashes to expire before it was possible to include a Minister of Agriculture in a Cabinet. When Mr. Chaplin was appointed in 1889 the prevalence of cattle disease caused the post to be one of special importance. Mr. Chaplin rose to the emergency, and earned the thanks of the whole community by his zeal combined with knowledge. It is mainly through his exertions that the health of English live stock is now generally excellent. When Mr. Herbert Gardner came into office with the Liberals, there were fears that he would reverse the policy of Mr. Chaplin, but he continued it with sympathy and intelligence. Mr. Long was a thoroughly capable and useful Minister of Agriculture, and nobody wishes Mr. Hanbury better fortune than to be found as efficient.

Books of Reference

"THE ROYAL NAVY LIST AND NAVAL DIARY FOR 1901" (Witherby and Co.) is not only all that a Naval man can desire as a diary, but it contains a mass of information applicable to his

requirements. Among the special features of this useful volume may be mentioned a summary of the Year's Naval progress, by L. Carr Laughton, a calendar of Naval events, the Naval Estimates, with comparative table, and the night signals of the principal lines, and signals of distress.—"Low's Handbook to the Charities of London" (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.), which is edited by H. R. Dunville, has reached the sixty-second year of its existence. It deals with over a thousand charitable institutions, and gives particulars of them in a concise and accessible form.—"Cairo and Egypt" (Simpkin, Marshall), by Hallil J. Kemeid, will be found most useful to those who intend to winter in the land of the Pharaohs. The Guide is well arranged.—Players and others interested in the Association football will be pleased with "The Football Who's Who" (C. Arthur Pearson, Limited), which contains biographies of nearly 1,000 players, several interesting articles, and a mass of information well classified. We have also received another of Bartholomew's capital reduced Ordnance Survey County Maps. Hereford, being sheet 23; the London University Guide and University Correspondence College Calendar for 1900-1; and Littlebury's Cyclists' Guide and Route Book for the Midland District (Littlebury and Co., Worcester), an admirable little book.

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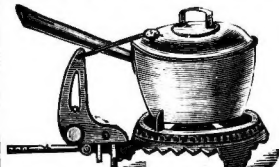
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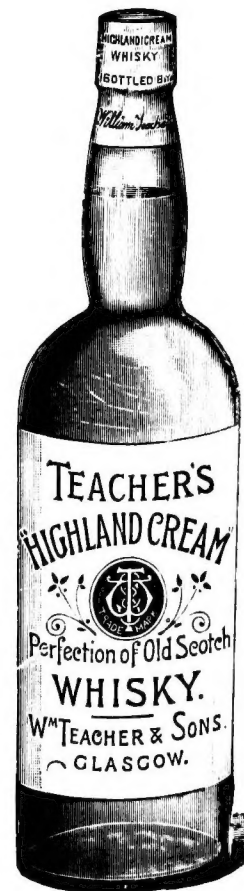
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